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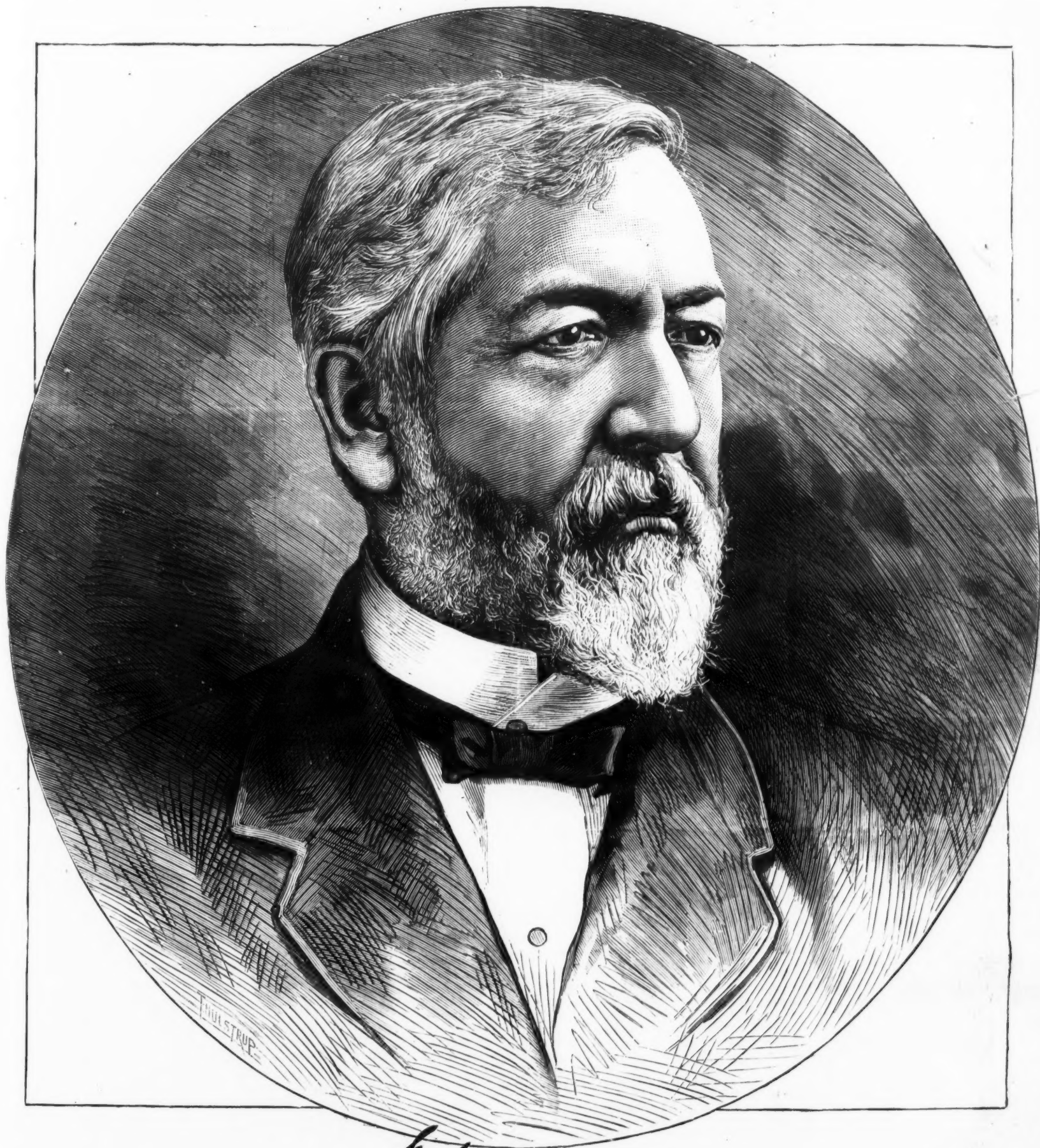


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James G. Blaine

NO. 3.—HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MAINE.

GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—SEE PAGE 134.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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New York, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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I. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

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RACE PROBLEMS.

IT is well, perhaps, that the people of the United States are sustained by a good degree of optimism in the presence of the social and political problems by which they are confronted from time to time. It was the custom of our elder statesmen to speak of slavery as the *vulnus inmedicabile*, the incurable wound, of the Republic, and yet the popular faith in the "manifest destiny" of our land, as the land of liberty, was never extinguished even by this dark blot on our national escutcheon. It was a sublime faith in the auspicious star of our country which carried us through the dim eclipse of our late civil war, and on emerging from that conflict our statesmen bravely bent their backs to carry the heavier burdens imposed upon them by the problems of civil and social reconstruction at the South.

It greatly adds to the difficulty and complexity of some of the questions now pending before the American people that they are questions of race even more than questions of politics. And questions of race always lie deeper than questions of politics. The "negro question," for example, considered in its deep and comprehensive relations as a factor of American society and politics, is a much more intractable one than "the slavery question," for the slavery question simply lived and moved in the sphere of municipal and constitutional law, while the negro question plants its roots in the natural distinctions of color and race. With a change in the municipal and constitutional law of the country, the question of slavery, as a divisive element in our political history, has dropped as thoroughly and as finally from the forum of discussion as if we had been separated from it by the lapse of ages instead of a decade and a half. But "the negro question," as a mixed question of race and politics, is seen to be endowed with a vitality dependent on other than the conventional arrangements of men in the figure of civil society. And it is the permanent characteristics of race which gives to the question its strong hold on the passions and prejudices of men.

Nor is this the only question of the kind with which we are called to deal at the present time. Besides the negro question we have the "Indian question," and besides the Indian question we are threatened with still another question of race in the matter of "the Heathen Chinese," whose presence is such an offense to California Christians of the Kearney and Killoch stripe.

The history of the Indian question places in our hand a useful standard by which to measure the difficulties of any problem which implicates itself in the antagonisms of races. The Indian question dates from the advent of the European colonists on the shores of America. Between the frontiersman and the savage we are as far to-day from having discovered a *modus vivendi* as our Puritan ancestors were in the days of Governor Winslow and King Philip. And yet, as if to place clearly before our eyes the indestructibility as well as the complexity of any problem which involves a question of race, we are given to understand, on the best authorities at the present time, that the Indian race is not "dying out," as many suppose, but comprises to-day as large a population on American soil as when the continent was first discovered by the European white man. On this point the Bureau of Education at Washington has published some very suggestive statistics.

We have then, at present, three race problems which, in different degrees and in different stages of progress, have come to complicate the politics of the United States.

One of these, the negro problem, is to-day the touchstone of parties in all that pertains to the wide sphere of emotional politics. It is this question which gives the greatest degree of compactness to political organization, which invests the decisions of our Federal judiciary with an interest that is partisan as well as legal, and which stirs in the bosoms of our colored fellow-citizens that undefined feeling of unrest which feeds the "exodus" movement, and which, with fear of change, is perplexing at once our politicians and our political economists. If the Chinese question has not yet come to plague the whole country, and is still a question of the Pacific States rather than of national politics, it is because the Chinese immigration has not yet assumed such proportions as to give it national significance; and if the Indian question has not yet come to mark a dividing line between the parties of the country, it is simply because the Indian is neither a voter, like the colored man, nor a laborer like the industrious and frugal Chinaman.

If questions of race are endowed with such a vitality in the history of nations, and if they are the fruitful sources of an angry controversy which admits of less mitigation than pure and simple political issues, it remains to inquire if there is any exit from the embarrassments of the race problems with which we are at present environed?

It is more than probable that these questions will long survive to test the spirit and temper of the American people. They are questions which do not admit of composition or postponement, and they are questions which cannot be settled except on the principles of equity and justice. Under the Constitution and laws of the land, the negro has to-day the same civil rights as the white man. Those rights must be protected and respected on a footing of perfect equality between the two races. The color line, as a line of partition between civil and political rights, has been legally abolished, and the sooner it is abolished as a line of partition between parties and their politics the better it will be for the parties and politics of the country. The Indian, too, has his rights—rights which have been secured by a thousand treaties only to be a thousand times violated by the cupidity of the white man—and the Indian question will not "down" until these rights are placed under theegis of a jurisprudence which is no respecter of persons where the principles of right are concerned. And the "Heathen Chinese" has rights which have been placed under the sanction of treaties between the United States and China; and it is a satisfaction to know that those rights are protected by the Federal judiciary, even to the extent of saving the Chinaman's queue from mutilation and curtailment. A treaty is the supreme law of the land, and becomes the standard of justice for its beneficiaries, as truly and really as the statutes of the United States are standards of justice for our own citizens. The United States Circuit Court in California has just given a fresh authentication to this principle of constitutional law, which is also a principle of universal jurisprudence, and under this decision the illiberal provisions of the new California Constitution are declared to be null and void. This is not so much the triumph of "cheap Chinese labor" over the monopolists of the "Sand Lots," as it is a triumph of justice over demagoguery, and a new vindication of man's universal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

DIVERSITY IN AGRICULTURE.

THERE is reason to apprehend that the need of greater diversity in the agricultural pursuits of the United States will be demonstrated in a manner that will involve serious embarrassment to important interests. There is real danger of an over-production of cotton, wheat and corn, followed by such a decline in values as will bankrupt their growers. It is not many years since that, on the Western prairies, corn was used as fuel, and it was mathematically demonstrated that, at the prices then current, it was cheaper than coal, while of its excellence for the purpose of fuel experience left no sort of doubt. Accounts from the South agree that the cultivation of cotton will be prosecuted this season with the greatest activity. Some estimates of the area to be planted make the increase twenty to thirty per cent. This seems almost incredible, and yet it is by no means impossible, for heretofore not more than one-tenth of the lands available for growing cotton have been planted. Our capacity for producing this staple may be estimated from this simple fact. But is it advisable to push it beyond the needs of the world and cause a decline in prices below the cost of growing? Such a course will prove disastrous.

The same line of comment is applicable to an increase in the cultivation of wheat. Our production of this staple has augmented enormously in the past two years. The extension of farm lands to the Northwest and Southwest, and the recuperation of certain States east of the Mississippi River, as

growers of winter wheat, together with the employment of machinery in its cultivation, have resulted in the growth of wheat in such quantities that, but for the comparative failure of the crop in Great Britain and in the West of Europe, prices would have fallen to ruinous rates, and the very excess caused disaster. Corn, notwithstanding a large export demand and a partial failure of the crop at the South, causing a demand upon the surplus of the West to supply the deficiency, has fallen to a price in this market which, after deducting the cost of transportation and other expenses incident to its transfer from the grower to the consumer, must leave no adequate return to the farmer. Pork-packing is a pursuit somewhat incidental to the extent of the corn crop, and the number of swine slaughtered has become so enormous that their products are forced down to very low prices.

It is evident, however, that a greater diversity is needed in the pursuits of agriculture. We have excellent lands on the Gulf coast for the production of sugar, yet we are compelled every year to import large quantities, and the price in our markets is much too high, as compared with the cost of other necessities of life. With rice lands of unrivaled excellence, the production is deficient and the price high. With several great States rentable for the growth of hemp, large quantities are imported annually. With vast territories rentable for grazing sheep and producing the best grades of wool, we are now almost entirely dependent upon foreign wools to keep our mills going. The prices of beef cattle and butchers' meats are nearly double their cost when grains sold for more money than they will now bring; yet large tracts near the seacoast that would afford good pasturage remains unoccupied. The *résumé* of branches of farm industry whose results are inadequate to the demands upon them might be extended. But this will suffice. Undoubtedly the field of agricultural industry might be extended. There is no good reason why we should not produce large quantities of silk. Nothing but experience and skill and business enterprise are needed, and these ought to be available at any time. Can we not grow coffee and tea in considerable sections?

Without, however, entering upon anything new, there are abundant opportunities for a greater diversity of agricultural activity, which our farmers and planters and graziers will do well to heed, before serious disaster, from the over-production of a few staples that are favorite articles of growth, shall overtake them. "Don't put too many eggs in one basket," is a piece of practical wisdom that is too often forgotten, but of which we occasionally get a reminder in a serious "smash-up."

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

IF nothing definite can be accomplished by the present Congress in the direction of a modification of the existing tariff, perhaps it may be well to create the commission of nine experts to investigate the entire tariff question as proposed in the Bill of Mr. Eaton, now before the Senate. The members of this commission are to be appointed from civil life by the President, and are to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relative to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mining and industrial interests of the United States, so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff, or a revision of the existing tariff, upon a scale of justice to all interests. For the purpose of fully examining the matters which may come before them, they are empowered to visit such different portions of the country as may be deemed advisable. They are to report to Congress the results of their investigations and the testimony taken from time to time, and make their final report not later than the first Monday in December, 1881. The Bill is said to have met the approval of many friends of tariff revision, and has been endorsed by the American Iron and Steel Association, which, while advocating a high tariff, desires one that will not discriminate in favor of or against any particular industry. It is believed that the Bill will pass the Senate, and should it do so, all consideration of the subject in the House will, no doubt, be postponed, especially as in the latter body it has been referred to a sub-committee which is not likely to agree. It will be a point gained to collect positive and trustworthy information as to the great variety of interests affected by tariff legislation, but it is not at all certain that Congress will avail itself of the information so obtained if it shall conflict with local prejudices or sectional feeling.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

THE importations at this port for the month of March amounted to about \$45,598,729, being an excess of \$17,360,722 over those of the same month last year, and \$19,033,088 greater than those of 1878. As compared with last year, entries of dutiable

goods direct for consumption show an increase of \$11,030,887, while in entries for warehousing there is a gain of \$3,570,107, and in free goods an increase of \$2,578,041. For the first quarter of the calendar year the importations were \$126,661,267, against \$80,864,500 for the same period last year. Of the aggregate imports during the past three months, 66.8 per cent. consisted of general merchandise (other than drygoods), 31.2 per cent. drygoods, and the remainder of specie and bullion. Of the total for the corresponding period last year 31.45 per cent. was drygoods and nearly 65 per cent. general merchandise. The aggregate imports for the last nine months were \$392,889,868, being \$163,239,725 greater than for the corresponding period last year, and \$163,925,017 in excess of 1878.

Our exports for the month of March amounted to \$35,239,172. The total for the last three months reached \$85,471,827, and for the first nine months of the fiscal year were \$287,065,479, an increase over the same period last year of \$21,835,063. Commercial authorities regard the prospects of the export trade as more favorable than for some time past, and from present appearances it is believed that our shipments of merchandise for the entire fiscal year will not fall short of \$380,000,000, exclusive of specie.

DO THE PEOPLE RULE?

IT has been the habit of American citizens to felicitate themselves that sovereignty resides in the people; that by inherent right and constitutional declaration they are the rulers; that the public judgment is all-potent in the selection of public servants, and that Governmental policy in its relation to the nation, to the States and municipalities, depends wholly upon the expressed will of the masses. However well-founded this boast may have been in the past, there seems to be but small cause for maintaining it in the present. Theoretically the people still make and control the Government; in reality they are merely machines to register the will of their masters. The private caucus and machine politics have usurped the power once enjoyed and exercised by freemen. Of the more than nine millions of men legally entitled to suffrage, but a mere handful assume to determine who shall, or shall not, administer public affairs, and so in respect to the policy which is to affect the interests of at least fifty millions of people. The commonalty, in fact, have quite as little to do with the choice of rulers, and giving direction to public affairs, as with determining the courses of the planets. True, there is a specious show made of consulting their wishes. They are invited to primaries or mass-meetings, and go through the form of choosing delegates or naming candidates for this, that and the other office. But, bless their innocent souls, the caucus or the managers of the machine have been ahead of them and scored the music to which they have danced. Even the men who never put in an appearance at a primary, and shun a mass convention as they would some deadly infection, meekly submit to the tyranny of the "machine." They shrug their shoulders and whinily argue that resistance would be futile.

The evil of machine politics intrenches itself everywhere. It has given "bosses" to our municipalities, and self-perpetuating demagogical dynasties to the several States, as well as to the country at large. As the evil has grown the people have proportionately lost in power. They are no longer the rulers but the ruled. Political sovereignty has given place to political vassalage, and, as a consequence, the country suffers from bad government and festering corruption. Congress affords a fair illustration of how the machine works. There the Democrats are slightly in the ascendant. In caucus a mere majority of the dominant party decides the fate of great questions pertaining to the well-being of the country. Who, in this case, governs legislation? The answer is plain. The Senate consists of seventy-six members, of whom the Democrats have forty-three. In caucus twenty-two constitutes a majority. The House of Representatives consists of 146 Democrats, 134 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers. Seventy-two Democrats, if all are present, constitute a majority in caucus. Thus, through the pernicious caucus system, less than 29 per cent. of the Senate and about 24.5 per cent. of the whole House are enabled to dictate legislation for the entire country. As is the caucus to Congress so is the "machine" to the country. It is the government of the *many* by the *few*. It is the concentration of power in the hands of men bold enough to seize it.

Thomas Jefferson may have been right in claiming that party spirit was wholesome to a republic, but that illustrious citizen firmly believed in the right of the people to rule. So, in like manner, did all the early statesmen of the country. They were careful not to trench upon the prerogative of sovereignty; this invasion has been left for more modern times. Party organization has landed the people in the toils of the politicians. It is the same with both party

organizations. A few men, anxious for the spoils, assume to give direction to party affairs, and this is called "creating public sentiment." Is it necessary to call in crafty politicians to create public sentiment for Thurman, Sherman, Tilden, Blaine or Grant? We do not think so. The people should be capable of judging each upon his merits, and determine for themselves who is best fitted to serve their purposes. No man has a personal claim to public office, and no man should arrive at that distinction except through the untrammelled will of the people.

But there is a growing spirit of unrest abroad in the country. The more intelligent among the people begin to see that they have been the dupes, if not the vassals, of designing men. This, so to speak, is the awakening of public sentiment from a long lethargic sleep. When that sentiment shall have grown strong enough to smash the "machine" and re-establish the old order of things, then will the country have honesty and efficiency in the public service; then will our currency be placed on a basis of permanent security; then will our systems of taxation, national and State, be simplified and made more equitable; then will the Government recognize its obligation to act in the interest of the whole people and seek to promote the prosperity of the whole country. To have peace, happiness and increasing prosperity the people must rule.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE extraordinary result of the elections in England has been the main topic of interest abroad during the last two weeks. Not only in the British Isles, where, of course, the defeat of the Conservatives is a matter of paramount importance, but also in Germany, Austria, Russia and France, the Press and the leading statesmen have been expressing their views; and generally, it may be added, their regret at the course of events.

Although the elections are not as yet quite over, it is already outside the possibility of any doubt that the Liberals have an overwhelming majority over both the Conservatives and the various Irish parties together. Indeed, the very hugeness of the Liberal majority will probably, in time, prove a source of weakness; for a large majority in the House of Commons is apt to divide into parties and another "Cave of Adullam" may again be found. Still, for the moment, the Liberals have full control, and they will have a chance to pass measures of home legislation that the Conservatives have, in the opinion of the country, neglected. Queen Victoria, who has been absent at Baden-Baden and at Darmstadt, where her daughter, the late Princess Alice died, has reached London, and Lord Beaconsfield having placed his resignation in her hands, the question of the succession will soon be determined. Prince Bismarck, who years ago was credited with saying that if "Turkey was the sick man, England was the sick woman," has been openly avowing his dislike to the Liberal victory, and, of course, France is disgusted at the victory of the men who left her to the tender mercies of the Germans in 1870. In the German Reichstag, in a debate on the Army Bill, it was alleged as a reason why Germany should prepare for possible war that the insecurity of the political situation throughout Europe was increased in consequence of the inevitable changes in the English Cabinet consequent upon the result of the recent elections. "Mr. Gladstone," said one speaker, "was a visionary, romantic and prejudiced politician and partisan; he was not a safe ruler or guider of men; and in his hands England would become a source of constant anxiety and danger."

One thing that the elections has brought strongly before the world is the falling off in the social position of Members of Parliament. The Ballot Act has taken away the humors of elections and electioneering, so that no "Eatanswill" jokes are any longer possible. But all the old ruffianism is still extant, and the intelligent English voter continues to propel dead cats and rotten eggs at the legislators of his country. Members of Parliament, unlike Members of Congress, are not paid for their services, so that many of the men returned to the present Parliament must either be supported by their party or their constituencies. This is particularly the case with the Irish contingent, most of whom will be more or less dependent for their breakfasts upon New York servant-girls and other subscribers to the Home Rule and Fenian funds.

Mr. Parnell's dictatorship has received a heavy blow in the defeat of Mr. Kettle, his nominee, in Cork County. The programme of the Irish members of the new Parliament, who have arrived in London, is said to be moderate. They ask the equalization of the Irish franchise with the English, and the extension of the Ulster tenant-right to the whole of Ireland. This is the substance of their demands.

In France the quarrel between Church and State continues, and the Governmental decrees against the Jesuits and other unauthorized congregations form a subject of much discussion and trouble. The first decree gives the Jesuits notice to break up and leave their establishments within three months, except in the case of educational institutions, when two months more are allowed. The second decree contains full directions respecting the manner in which other unauthorized institutions are to qualify themselves and to apply for legislation. The general sentiment in France seems to be in favor of the Government, and even Prince Jerome Bonaparte has expressed himself against the Jesuits. Not so, however, the other members of the Bonaparte family, sev-

eral of whom have denounced Plon-plon's manifesto. Père Didon, the monk who lately drew all fashionable Paris to hear his eloquent sermons against the divorce laws, is gone to Rome, and, according to some persons, he will be reprimanded by the Pope for the freedom of some of his utterances. Meantime the champion of free thought, M. Ernest Renan, has left Paris for London, where he is delivering a course of lectures on the influence of Rome upon the early Christian church.

Cuban affairs still occupy the attention of the Spanish Congress. General Martinez-Campos strongly urges liberal modification in the Cuban budget of receipts, but he does not seem to have any considerable backing. It is stated that the Cuban debt amounted, on the 1st of April, to 113,000,000 pesetas (about \$21,000,000).

The Army Bill has passed the German Reichstag, with the Ultramontane amendment exempting priests from service in the Army Reserve.—Russia is about to issue, through the Rothschilds, a new railway loan of £15,000,000.—James Russell Lowell, the American Minister to England, is still at Biarritz, France, where his wife is ill.

The latest novelty in railroad engineering is the railway that has been constructed on Vesuvius. A depot has been built at the spot where the carriage-road ends, and from this point up to the cone of the old crater trains are run upon a grade that is at times as much as sixty-three degrees. Unlike the famous railroad on the Rigi, which is worked by a middle rail of "cogs," the track of the Vesuvius line is like that of an ordinary road with an up and down track. The cars only hold six people, and as one ascends the other descends. The ascent will only take ten minutes, while in former times it was a weary climb of over an hour. Strong walls have been built to divert any flow of lava, and a fine restaurant and café ornament the plateau where the depot is built. But an upheaval of the old volcano would sadly disarrange the construction account and cause a stampede of waiters.

French imitations of English sport have always been a theme for humorists in spite of the great improvements that have taken place of late years. The victory of Gladstone in the "Derby" some sixteen years ago avenged Waterloo in the eyes of many Frenchmen, and some French stables have since then been remarkably successful in carrying off the principal prizes on the English turf. But an attempt to introduce the thoroughly English amusement of coursing hares with greyhounds has not proved equally successful. There was a meeting at the Englihen racecourse, near Paris, a short time since, at which all sporting Paris was present. The hares, however, turned out to be only rabbits, which have neither the speed nor staying powers of the real hare, and they all fell ready victims to the swift greyhounds. One, however, escaped by taking refuge in a clump of brushwood, where the dogs could not follow him.

The Mapleson Opera troupe quitted these shores for England, April 17th, to return to us in August next, with the two additional bright particular stars—Nilsson and Gerster. Colonel Mapleson's troupe will then be "simply perfect." We wish the gallant colonel and his human aviary of sweet singers "God speed" and au revoir.

We greet *Il Repubblicano*, the first number of which, printed in the "sweet sounds of Italy," lies upon our table. This most recent recruit to the lists of journalism, is dedicated to politics, science, art, industry, the army and navy and commerce. In appearance it is highly prepossessing, while the matter will be of "wholesome interest" to those who love Sunny Italy.

The enormous emigration from Germany to the United States is accounted for on the ground of the aversion which exists to the arbitrary features of the new Army Bill. It is stated that from the 4th to the 11th of April, 5,800 persons left Bremen for this country and England. Among the emigrants are many skilled workmen, who seek in new fields an opportunity for the profitable use of their genius and abilities.

The statistics of our grain production in 1879 are full of interest. The aggregate production of corn in the whole country was 1,545,000,000 bushels, of which 1,228,000,000 bushels were produced by eleven States, Illinois alone contributing to the grand total 309,000,000 bushels. Of wheat, the total production was 449,000,000 bushels, of which 341,500,000 bushels were grown in eleven States. Illinois produced in all 44,900,000 bushels.

There died in Washington the other day a fourth-class clerk in the Treasury Department, who had served in that capacity for forty-three years, and who in that time had never taken but five days' vacation. His father before him had been a clerk in the Comptroller's office for forty-two years. The average modern official might profit by this example of industry and fidelity, so strikingly in contrast with latter-day indolence and self-seeking among public officials.

Justice in Pennsylvania is slow, if not blind and erratic. Ex-State Treasurer William H. Kemble, who pleaded guilty to corrupt solicitation in connection with the Riot Bill before the Legislature last Winter, and who ran away when he should have appeared for sentence, has been again admitted to bail, and will now have another opportunity to disport himself at the seaside, or wherever sweet fancy may lead him. If Kemble had been a poor man he would have been sent to jail long ago, but being wealthy and a political

"boss," he is permitted to snap his fingers in the face of the courts and defy the laws under which he is liable to punishment. There is, after all, a difference "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

The committees of the House of Representatives have laid out more work than Congress can dispose of in five years at the present rate of progress. So far the present session has been practically barren of results of real value. The Bills relating to the tariff, to finance and to other important subjects, are no further advanced than they were four months ago, and there is now no reason to anticipate any final action on any matter of actual importance to the country.

Four hundred and forty-seven poor children have been provided with homes in the West through the aid of the *Tribune* Fund. In some cases, whole families have been placed comfortably in Kansas and Iowa. Mr. Thurlow Weed, in a note on this benevolent work, says truly: "There is not any form in which charity can express itself so truly bright, beautiful and beneficent as in providing homes for destitute orphan children. Bread cast upon such waters is sure to return in blessings." Our wealthy citizens cannot use their means more wisely and usefully than in contributing to this fund for the rescue of homeless children from destitution and degradation.

It has been the fashion among "stalwart" Republicans to speak of the solidity of the South as to political measures as constituting a deadly menace to our institutions and the principles vindicated in the civil war. But these same persons find nothing to condemn, but everything to commend in the effort now making to consolidate the Southern delegations to the Republican National Convention in favor of General Grant. If the ex-President shall be renominated, it will be by the support of delegations from Southern States which cannot possibly give him a vote in the electoral college. It may thus turn out that a "solid South" will prove, indeed, the ruin of the Republican Party, but in a way not at all anticipated by the "stalwarts"—a way, in fact, for which they will be themselves responsible.

The business of illicit distillation in the Southern States has attained a magnitude, and is marked by a murderous defiance of the laws, which may well challenge the attention of the national authorities. An official report just submitted to Congress shows that from the 1st of July, 1876, to the 1st of February of the present year, the agents of the Treasury Department have seized in South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and Kentucky, 3,043 stills, and arrested 6,153 persons. In this work twenty-five men have been slain by the violators of the law, and forty-nine wounded. As a result of the Government efforts, the receipts from distilling have been nearly doubled in the districts where the work has been done, and the number of honest distilleries nearly trebled. As to the effect of the illicit manufacture and sale of spirits and tobacco, it is said that the Government has lost at least \$4,000,000 of revenue.

The speculative and artificial prices in the iron market have given way, and the trade may now, possibly, be established on a stable basis. The reduction in prices was a matter of necessity to keep English iron out of the market. Nine months ago pig-iron sold at \$16 per ton; in January it was advanced to \$28 per ton, and two months later was forced up to \$35 and \$40 a ton. The result was a decrease of sales and paralysis in the market. Plate and rail manufacturers complained that they could not continue operations at profitable figures, and railroad men postponed their orders for rails until a more convenient season. Then English iron began to pour in, and it was found that the British and Scotch manufacturers, after paying all expenses, including freight and \$7 for the duty, could land their product on our wharves and undersell our own manufacturers. Thus the foreign iron trade has prospered from the folly of the American manufacturers. The probability now is, that the error of artificial prices being demonstrated, the trade will resume its normal condition.

A PITIFUL and distressing picture of the condition of the Jews in Morocco is given in a recent despatch from Minister Noyes, who visited the country in his late Eastern tour. He states that, while numbering 300,000 in all, they constitute the best part of the population; they "are regarded by the Mohammedans as unclean dogs, entitled to no respect and unworthy to live. A few of them, it is said—the more wealthy and influential, in fact—enjoy the protection of foreign representatives, notwithstanding international laws in this regard. But this excites jealousy and a spirit of revenge, so that the condition of the great mass, the unprotected, is all the worse on account of the privileges enjoyed by the few." The Government is a simple despotism, and human life is held cheaply in the hands of the ruling monarch. Minister Noyes declares that, "in the interest of humanity, it would be well if the Christian nations of the world could in some way intervene, by way of a mixed commission or otherwise, to establish in Morocco greater equality of rights and a better and more impartial method of administering justice." It is gratifying to learn that a conference of the leading European powers on this general subject is shortly to be held in Madrid, and it is to be hoped that our Minister at the Spanish Court will unite with France and Italy in insisting upon such measures as will give adequate protection to the classes now so outrageously oppressed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A BILL to tax churches valued at over \$10,000 has been rejected by the New York Senate.

FOREST fires in Ocean County, New Jersey, have destroyed an immense amount of timber.

THE anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death was celebrated at Springfield, Illinois, on April 15th.

THE Bill for the ratification of the agreement with the Ute Indians of Colorado passed the Senate last week.

THE American Rifle Association has accepted the invitation of the Irish Association to send a team to Dollymount.

GENERAL GRANT last week visited Little Rock, Vicksburg, Memphis and Cairo, and is now at his home at Galena, Ill.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs has made a report recommending the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill, recently referred to editorially in these columns, to equip an Arctic colony expedition.

MR. CHARLES G. FAIRMAN, editor of the *Elmira Advertiser*, has been nominated and confirmed as Insurance Superintendent of this State.

A BOSTON jury has given a verdict of \$45,000 against the Grand Trunk Railway Company in favor of one Charles H. Worthen, who lost a leg as the result of an accident on that road.

ONE of the heaviest shocks of earthquake felt for years was experienced in San Francisco, April 14th. The motion was vertical. Many of the buildings rocked so that the motion was plainly visible.

MR. PRINCE A. SAWYER, the late Fusion Secretary of State, has been agreed upon as the Greenback candidate for Governor of Maine. The Maine Democratic State Convention will be held at Portland, June 1st.

THE remainder of the Legislature bribery cases in Pennsylvania are to be tried April 29th. Two of the accused are members of the Legislature from Philadelphia, one is a millionaire banker of Carbon County, and another is the heaviest individual stockholder of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and estimated to be worth \$500,000.

BILLS have been agreed upon by the House Committee on that subject, authorizing new public buildings in thirty-seven cities. The total amount to be appropriated by these Bills is \$5,700,000. In Northern cities sixteen buildings are authorized, the aggregate cost of which is limited to \$3,500,000. In Southern cities and towns twenty-one buildings are to be provided, at a total cost of \$2,200,000.

THE Commissioner of Pensions states that of the arrears of pensions there remain less than 3,000 cases unadjusted. The total amount already disbursed on this account is \$24,500,000, and the number of claims for arrears now on file amount to \$250,000. Of the \$25,000,000 appropriated last year for arrearages of pensions, \$24,500,000 were paid before January 1st. There remain but about \$200,000 available.

THE Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill passed the Senate last week. It appropriates \$1,146,135. A Bill has been introduced in the Senate directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the outstanding six per cent. bonds in amounts of not less than \$5,000,000 a week, and requiring him to announce each week the whole amount of all bonds he intends to purchase. The House has passed the Senate Bill removing the political disabilities of Roger A. Pryor.

Foreign.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD's three-year-old colt Wallenstein won the Newmarket Handicap at Newmarket, April 14th, beating a field of ten. The betting was 100 to 8 against him.

THE entire channel squadron has been ordered to cruise to the Azores, thence to Bantay Bay, in search of the British training ship *Atalanta*, which, it is feared, has been lost with all on board.

THE Queen has appointed the Rev. John Charles Ryle Bishop of the newly constituted See of Liverpool. The appointee is a prominent leader of the evangelical section of the Church of England.

THE American recently convicted of manslaughter before the Consular Court at Constantinople, has been sent to the American prison at Smyrna, where he was taken by Consul-General Heap himself.

REGARDING the famine in the department of Orenburg, Russia, a St. Petersburg paper says that thousands of families can neither obtain food nor the means to earn it, as there is a scarcity of work as well as of food.

M. DE LESSEPS has arrived in Paris. He intends to go soon to London, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, to promote his canal enterprise. He will afterwards visit the cities of Belgium and Holland.

THE English elections are practically ended, and it is now apparent that the Liberal majority over the combined opposition, including the Home Rulers, will be about sixty. The Irish members who are pledged to Mr. Parnell's policy number thirty-six.

MR. LEON CHOTTEAU had an interview, April 14th, with Premier de Freycinet and delivered to him a document setting forth that no action will be taken by the Congress of the United States respecting a treaty of commerce until France has made known her proposals on the subject.

THE English steamer *Almwick Castle*, laden with war material for Valparaiso, took fire while at anchor on the River Elbe and was scuttled to prevent an explosion. The Peruvian Consul will proceed against the owners of the ship for attempting to transport war material to Valparaiso.

THE regicide Otero was executed at 8:50 A. M. at Madrid, on April 14th. A crowd of 50,000 people assembled, but order was maintained. A final visit was paid to Otero by the Duke de Sexto, the Grand Chamberlain, who remained twenty minutes with him, but it is not known whether the prisoner made any disclosures.

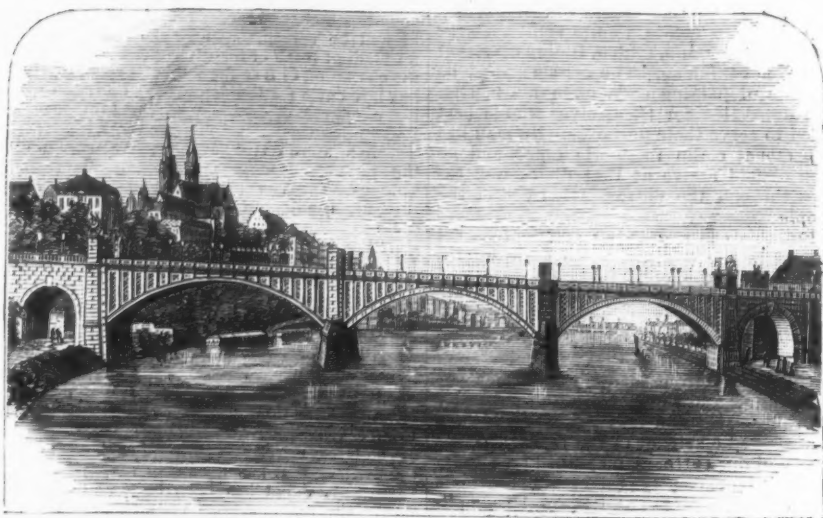
TWELVE white men and twelve or fifteen Chinamen were killed by an explosion of the Giant Powder Works in Berkeley, Cal., April 16th. All the victims were blown to atoms. A large portion of the skull of a Chinaman was found with the queue attached. There were six houses inside of the works, and they were all blown to pieces. Several other houses were more less damaged.

A RUSSIAN corps of observation will shortly be started in Turkistan, on the Chinese frontier, under the command of Colonel Kurapokin, who was the chief of General Skobelev's staff during the Turkish war. From ten to fifteen vessels will go to Chinese waters, instead of five, as at first announced. The whole Pacific fleet will be under command of Admiral Boutakov, and will include the ironclad *Duke of Edinburgh*.

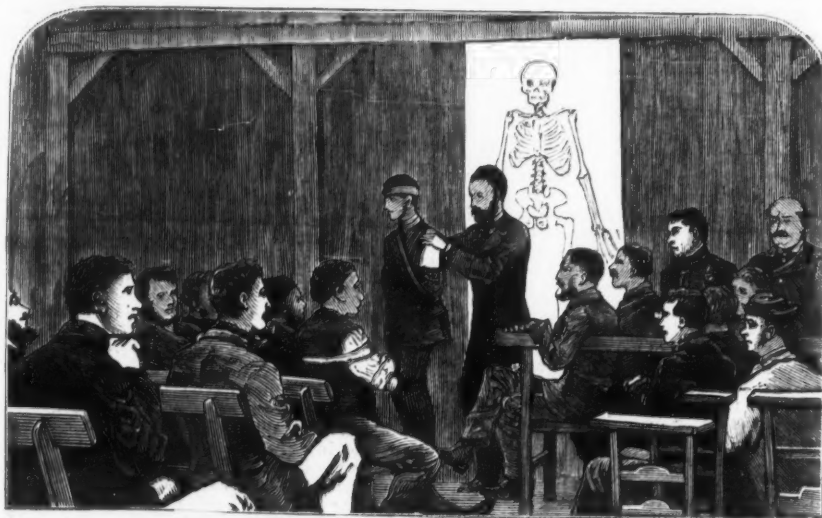
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



ENGLAND.—THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE IN HER BOUDOIR ON THE STEAMSHIP.



SWITZERLAND.—NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT BASLE.



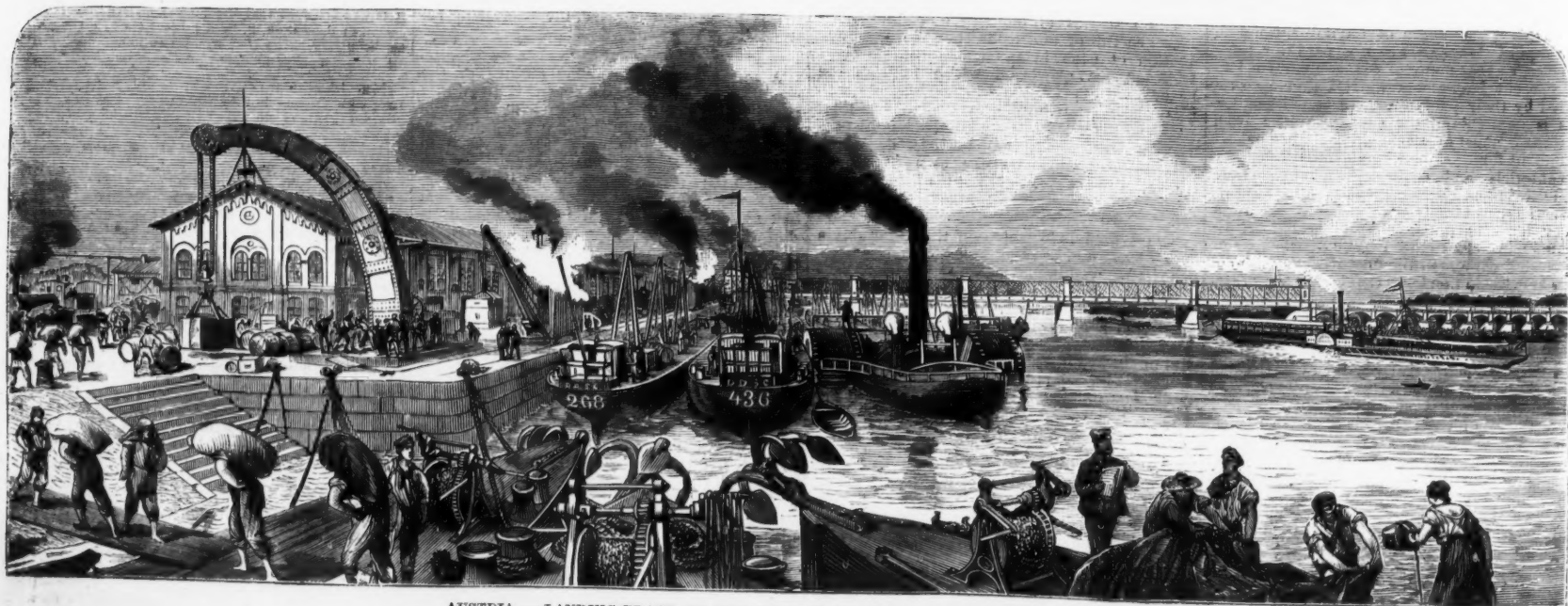
ENGLAND.—INSTRUCTION OF DOCK LABORERS IN BANDAGING.



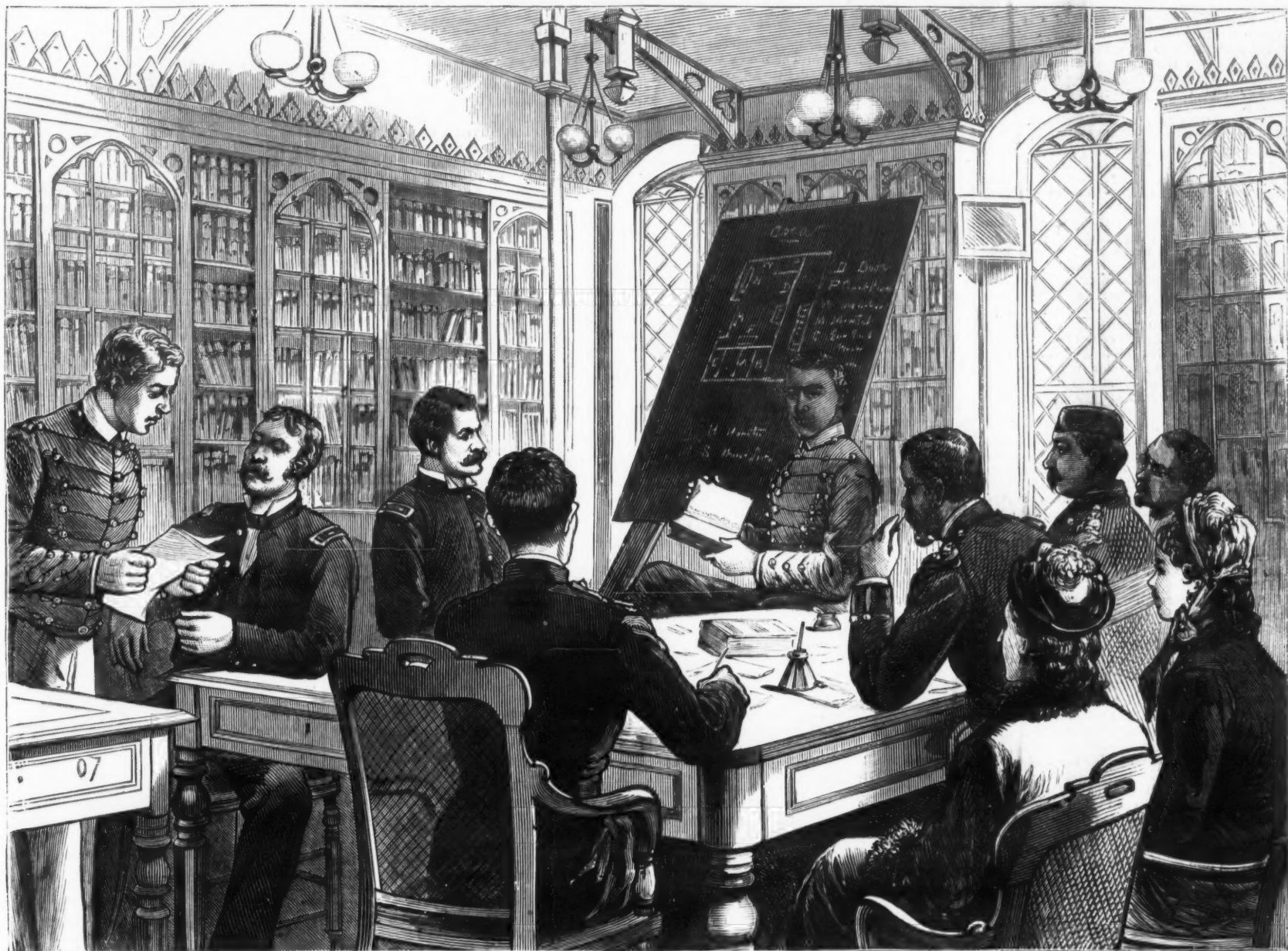
ENGLAND.—THE EX-EMPRESS TAKING LEAVE OF HER FRIENDS.



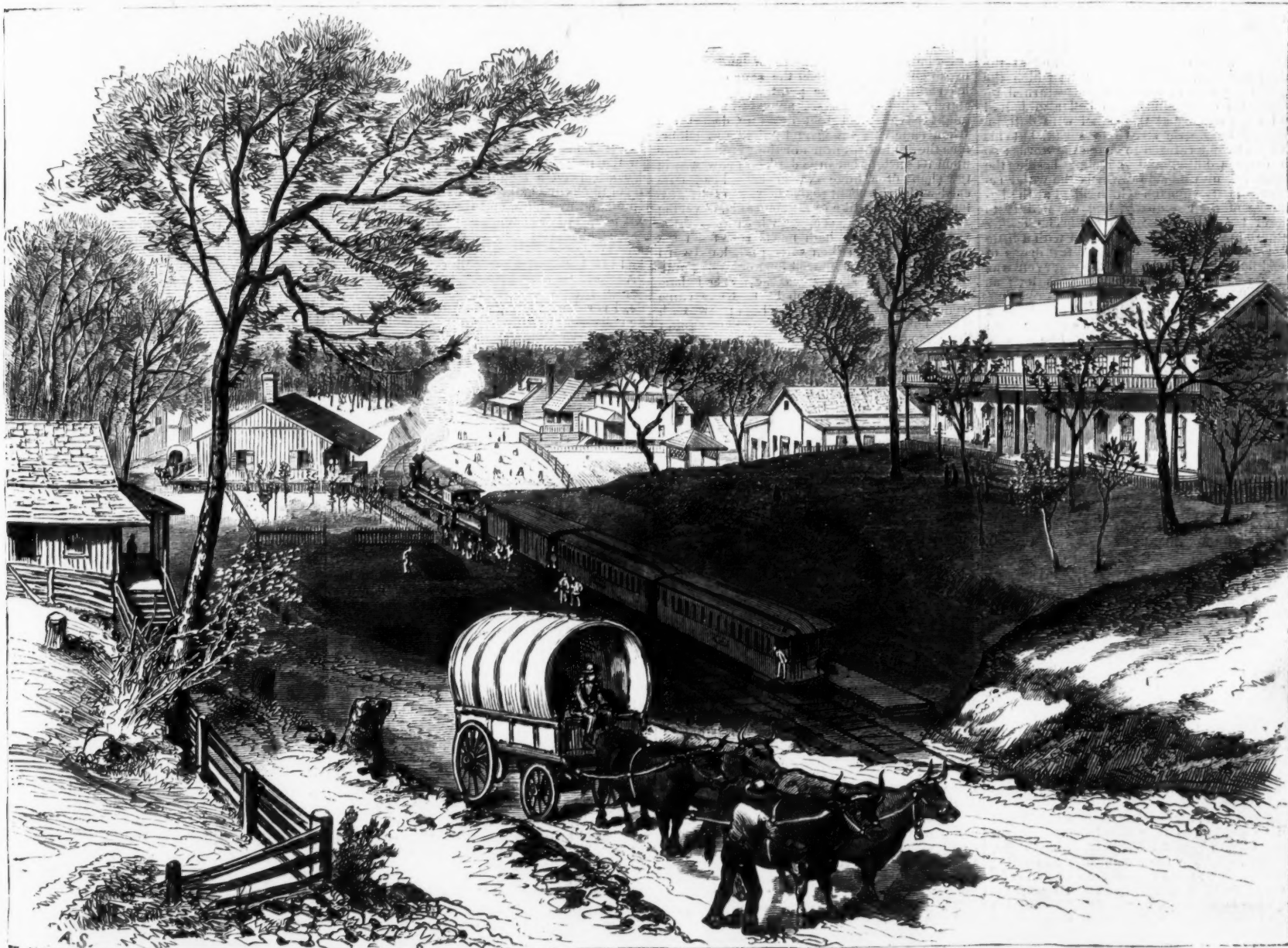
BUENOS AYRES.—DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF FRANCE BY THE SPANISH COLONY.



AUSTRIA.—LANDING-PLACE OF THE DANUBE STEAMSHIP COMPANY AT VIENNA.



NEW YORK.—OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION INTO THE ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON CADET WHITTAKER, OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY PARKER BODFISH. SEE PAGE 135.



GEORGIA.—A COLONY OF SWISS EMIGRANTS AT MOUNT AIREY.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 135.

MIRAGE.

A TAWNY, yellow sea of sand, stretching onward, without a single lonely well or pool, until it meets the dim horizon where the sun still lingers in the red haze that binds the desert and the sky together.

Here and there a worn and blackened rock rises above the plain, gazing with mute triumph on the sterile waste around it, where countless ages before rolled another sea whose waves, now turned to endless billows of burning sand, even yet in some fierce wind-storm dash against its seamed and wasted sides with deathless enmity, striving to wear away or bury it out of sight.

Above, in the copper-colored sky, the sun rolls sullenly upwards, mocking the silent conflict below as it burns and blackens both rock and sand with its scorching rays.

In the distance, a few dark specks hang motionless above the desert, as if watching something beneath them. As the sun rises higher and its glare grows more intense, a few bright-colored lizards crawl from beneath the rocks, and, seeking the hottest place in the sand, curl themselves up for their noon-day sleep—the only living creatures in the dead, parched solitude, whose silence seems almost audible.

But the black spots in the distance draw nearer, and by noon grow to be buzzards, slowly wheeling round and round above something below, which seems to be also advancing, although yet hidden by the sand billows which rise and fall between. The lizards moved lazily in their sleep, working deeper into the burning sand which trickled in tiny cascades from the nearest ledge of crumbling rock, never resting in its silent, conquering march from this old-time dried up sea towards Egypt and the East.

Over the nearest hillock at last appeared the objects which the buzzards had so steadily watched since sunrise: a single camel, followed by three shadows which once were men, tottering on in single file with bent heads and wavering footsteps.

On the back of the camel were fastened a few articles of baggage which swayed to and fro as the wretched animal toiled through the sand down the hillock. The ropes which bound them to its back needed tightening, for a gun slipped off and fell beside the first of the three figures behind it.

The man slowly turned a ghastly face, through whose blackened skin the bones seemed protruding, hesitated for a moment, and then, dropping his head, staggered on without an effort to save the weapon. The two behind him followed automatically, without a sign of life except the moving of their withered limbs as they dragged them on.

Now the camel gave a greater lurch, vainly strove to recover itself, and then, with a low, hoarse moan, sank upon its side and lay with shriveled tongue hanging from its mouth, while the short, quick gasps for breath ceased almost at once. It has borne its last burden across the desert. The leader stopped as if awakening from a dream, gazed for a moment at the fallen beast before him, and then—with a last look at the copper-colored sky above, from which the sun each moment beat down more fiercely upon their heads, and at the silent waste of shining sand from which the heated air rose in waving clouds—turned towards his companions, who had also halted and were staring at the camel with dull, indifferent eyes. He strove to speak, but his swollen tongue refused to shape the words; so he drew a knife, and, kneeling beside the camel, cut into its side towards the water-reservoir in its stomach which, filled at the beginning of their journey, had enabled it to travel for days without drink. The others gathered round him, and watched with a little interest in their glassy eyes. A few drops of blood flowed sluggishly, but the reservoir was empty: the camel had struggled as long as any remained.

The man rose to his feet and gazed for a moment at his companions with a strange gleam in his eyes; then flung himself, like a wild beast, upon the neck of the camel, and commenced to drink the little blood left in its veins. The others followed, almost falling over each other in their weakness as they strove for a share in the bloody feast. For several minutes nothing was heard but the flapping of the wings of the buzzards that circled lower and lower above the prostrate group.

Then one after another the three arose and looked into each other's faces, with eyes that had in them the glare of a tiger's eyes as he bends above his prey. They had tasted blood.

Silently they divided the provisions in the pack which the camel had carried. Food they had had, but no water since the morning of two days before, and to eat the dry bread and dates unmoistened had been impossible.

They started on again, leaving the camel behind them for the buzzards, part of whom swooped down upon it; but some flew on over their heads, as if preferring to wait a few hours longer for their prey. The leader noticed their singular perseverance, and with a shudder quickened his steps a little as he dragged his swollen feet through the slippery, yielding sand.

For several hours they staggered on until a long ledge of crumbling rock was reached, before which they halted. It was a little higher than the plain immediately around them, and over which the three gazed backwards.

The sun hung almost above their heads and cast no shadow as they stood looking across the vast death-haunted desolation behind them, where one by one their comrades had fallen without a word from the caravan, or had sank down in huddled heaps, dead and dying beneath the faded moon or the flaming sun as it rushed on day after day, until these three alone were left of a mighty company that had ventured into this land of living death.

"Shall we go on?" the first man asked, in a hoarse, faint whisper that sounded strange and far off in the silence.

The one nearest him looked upward at the ledge of rock, which ordinarily he could have scaled in a moment, but which now seemed an insuperable barrier, and, listlessly shaking his head, dropped his pack by his side, while the other staggered and fell face downwards, his claw-like hands burying themselves in the sand. The two still standing looked for a moment at the prostrate figure and then at each other, but each turned away horror-struck at what he saw in the other's eyes.

The taller man, who had led the little party to this last halting-place, tottered away a few steps and sank against the ledge, his face turned from his companion, who, stooping, turned upward the face of the man who had fallen. He was dead! His eyes wide open in a ghastly stare.

After a moment's hesitation, he commenced to drag the body towards a projecting spur of rock, casting crafty glances at the other, who did not notice him, but sat staring with dull, unheeding eyes across the desert before him. The living and the dead disappeared behind the rock, while the buzzards, who had lighted and were standing round them in a hideous circle, followed with hoarse croaks in seeming protest against losing their rightful prey.

Left alone, the leader sat waiting, in dull apathy, for the death he knew would surely come. His gaunt body was propped up against the ledge behind him, at whose base his bones were to bleach and molder through the never-ending years until, perhaps, the sea once more rolled over its ancient bed—when Time was old and Earth was feeble.

His limbs were half-buried in the drifting sand, which seemed to creep and cling about him. He closed his eyes at last to shut out the glare before him, and the buzzards, sitting round, staring with red, evil eyes at what he knew would, before sunset, be their prey.

Thinking him dead, one, bolder than the rest, hopped on the tattered rags which covered his breast and struck his face, but flew away as the man opened his eyes with a start and grasped a fragment of rock by his side. It seemed like lead, so heavy, that, as he flung it, it barely reached the nearest bird. His arm fell, and once more unconsciousness began to steal over him. Then the sound of far-off music came—of such unearthly sweetness that he listened spellbound, though filled with a vague wonder that he should hear such strains in such a place. As he listened the sound grew louder, thrilling him with strange, new joy that banished hunger, thirst and despair. He slowly opened his eyes, almost fearing that he should awake from what he thought must be a dream such as forerunners death, but half-rose in amazement. Before him no longer stretched the burning sand-waste but a sea of water, rippling beneath the light breeze that now began to blow towards the little island where he sat.

Instead of the vast sheet of molten copper above, there smiled a sky of clear, light blue, flecked with white clouds, whose shadows chased each other in the clear water that almost touched his feet.

As he gazed the strains grew louder, seeming to come from behind the spur of rock at his right, round whose point, as he looked, a stately ship, or barge, appeared; such as might have sailed that dried-up, desert sea when Time was young and Atlantis ruled, before the Sphinx sat down on the pyramids rose upon its ancient ocean bed. The prow was in the shape of a huge sea-serpent's head, covered with iridescent scales of green that glittered in the sun like great emeralds, covering also the body of the serpent, which formed the vessel's hold. Two high masts rose from the deck, with vast silken sails puffed outward with the wind. A hundred long oars, like multitudinous arms, slowly beat the waves in harmony with the song, which he now saw came from a band of maidens in the high prow, with white loose robes and flowers garlanded about their long dark hair, which the breeze lifted gently as the ship came onward. The middle of the deck was filled with men in glittering mail, and musicians, whose harps and trumpets joined with the song. A feast was spread upon long tables, covered with jewel-studded plate of gold, beneath a canopy of silk. As his gaze wandered from group to group, the ship advanced abreast of where he sat—so near that he might have leaped on board; and the stern, which had before been hidden by one of the sails, now lay before him. A vacant space, in which children, with wings and bows as Cupids, played before a high-raised throne, on which lay a woman, before whose perfect beauty his eyes sank dazzled. Her form was half-hidden beneath a thin, pearl-colored fabric, shining beneath her hair, which fell about her like a halo. A great gold serpent circled one finger with fiery eyes that glowed and glistened as she turned and stretched both arms toward him on the shore. Drawn by some irresistible power he rose, but the ship sailed onward near the ledge. He followed on the bright sand, glistening with the ripples from the great prow that silently clove the water, until the ledge of rock and the new-born island ended, round the point of which the galley turned and floated from him. The serpent's eyes gleamed fainter on the wrist of the queen upon the throne, who stretched her arms once more toward the wretched being on the shore. With a despairing cry, he flung himself into the sea towards the receding galley. Then sea and galley dissolved and disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and he lay face downwards in the dusty, barren sands, the burning sun glowing above him in silent mockery.

When he awoke from the swoon in which he had fallen the moon was shining above him. The shadow of the ledge fell black and impenetrable near by on the sand, that shone

like sea-salt in the pallid light, which bathed the still, white wastes of the land of ghosts around him. The wind blew cooler from the dim edge of the desert, giving him a little strength, as he rose upon his stiffened limbs and gazed around with a vague wonder. Dim shapes seemed to haunt the white solitude that stretched dream-like in the uncertain distance, as if they were waiting for his death; but as he tottered forward, he found them only shadows of some rock or hillock. He gained the ledge again and rested; then with new strength toiled onwards round the point. He found a level stretch of snowy sand; beyond, a sand wave, on whose crest rose something before which he sank upon his knees with hands covering his eyes.

"Am I mad yet?" he cried, remembering for the first the vision of the afternoon.

At length he rose and approached the object, drawn onwards against his will. It seemed the skeleton of some vast ship of ancient time before the flood. Its bare ribs, where the side was broken, rose high and black from the mighty keel, like the bones of some great monster of the Silurian age. Two masts rose high above the bulwarks which hid the deck. As if in a dream he tottered along beneath it until he reached the prow.

It was the huge sea-serpent's head he had seen in the mirage, now so grim and terribly lifelike that he shrank back in terror. Was he still dreaming? He put his hand out doubtfully and touched the side. It was covered with hard, smooth scales of some metallic substance, even yet faintly gleaming in the moonlight with the iridescent emerald hue he had seen before now, dimmed by ages, but not yet wholly lost. He made his way down the other side until he circled it and reached the great breach where the ribs and scaly sides were crushed in as if by some great blow. He rested for a time, and then with great difficulty clambered up and reached the deck, from which still rose the masts, whence the yard-arms stretched that once had borne the silken sails. Across the deck, in the high stern, still sat a shadowy throne, and on it something which he could not see, in the dim light of the moon. But he knew what—in some strange way he felt that the ship he had seen the day before and this one were the same, though this had sailed a thousand centuries before. Around him lay huddled heaps and masses of debris, with cups and plates of gold gleaming from their midst, and coin and heavy goblets strewn upon the dusty deck. But these were scarcely noticed: he stood gazing towards the stern for a time; then, drawn by a burning haste, hurried across the deck over the strange mass in which his feet sank as if in dust, and gained the level open space, where, in his dream or vision, he had seen the Cupids playing before the queen, the memory of whose face and form still shot through his veins like fire.

The throne or couch was covered with a mass of what seemed glittering cloth, from which gold and jewels still gleamed faintly above something he must see. He clambered up the steps, across the dais, and tried to raise the fabric, but it crumbled and fell to ashes beneath his touch, disclosing the delicate skeleton of a woman stretched before him, with both arms extended, as if luring him to a ghastly embrace.

On one finger gleamed a great gold ring, in the form of a serpent, with eyes of fire that burned upon him as he stood before her.

As he gazed, some subtle power drew him towards her arms, shining white and ghastly in the pale light which lay so still upon her. He advanced a step, but with a cry, turned from the figure and flung his arms before him. One hand met hers, and the ring dropped into his palm as her arm fell crumbling by her side.

He staggered backwards to the breach, among the strange heaps which he now saw had the bones of what had once been living creatures.

Filled with a wild terror lest these long dead revelers should rise and hold him there among them, he clambered down, he knew not how, to the sand, and fled over the desert, leaving behind him, in the shadowy distance, the ghastly ship, stranded on the wave of sand.

On the iron-bound coast of New England a storm was raging with unparalleled fury. November had passed without a gale to ruffle the fair sea that had stretched so peacefully from the rocky shore. But now the Winter, with strength long husbanded, leaped from the ocean upon the land with the crash and din of a tempest that was long remembered in the thousand homes that night, bereft of dear ones swallowed up in the seething caldron of the storm.

On a rocky cape, that runs far out into the Atlantic, the inhabitants of the fishing hamlets were gathered on the beach, feeding great fires whose ruddy glow strove to pierce the murky blackness that smothered sea and land, and warn the ships of their fate if they drove too near the shore.

Near one of these great fires was gathered a little group of men, cowering beneath a rock which partially sheltered them from the blinding wrack, that drove in upon the land from the chaos seaward. Now and then a few would make their way to the fire with fresh fuel, and then retreat, breathless and exhausted. As the night wore on the storm increased, until the fury of the wind and waves seemed about to sweep away the land before their onslaught. Such a night was not remembered by the oldest of the little group who sat watching in the darkness just outside the ruddy glow the fire cast upon the sand and dipping rocks.

In one of the blinding flashes of lightning that lit up shore and sea with a phosphorescent glare, a figure was seen by one of the watchers advancing over the rocks towards where they sat.

"See!" he cried, stretching his hand towards the newcomer. "There's somebody swum ashore from some wreck."

The party started to their feet and gazed into the darkness. But, as the figure reached the ring of light around the fire, they saw it was a woman, advancing over the slippery rocks with feet that evidently were at home upon the coast.

"Great God, it's some one come to join us from the village!" said another. "Pr'aps one of them as has husbands out to-night."

A dozen sprang to meet her, and helped her to their shelter beneath the overhanging ledge.

"It's Widow Crawford!" cried several, as the bent, thin form of an old woman stood before them.

"And what has brought you here, mother, such a night? You haven't any one out in the storm?" asked one of them, with rough tenderness, as he took off her cloak and hung it by the fire.

"Ah, James Alden, you know better than that," she answered, in a thin, eager voice—"it's my son! He's been gone, you know, for eight years last Easter; but he's coming home now. I knows it, and he's bringing his bride with him. I've come down to welcome them when they come. We felt it for a long time," and she sank down before the fire and held her withered hand towards the blaze.

The men looked at each other in silence, with a tear or two upon their hard, weather-beaten faces before this bent, old woman, who had been watching for so many years.

Soon the dull sound of a heavy gun was heard, followed by another and another—a dread signal that a ship was drifting helpless towards the shore.

"Their firin' guns to let us know he's comin' with his bride, and such a bride—such a bride!" she said, in feeble triumph, peering into the darkness as she rocked to and fro.

For half an hour they waited, listening to the dull booming, which grew more distinct as the ship, still hidden by the storm, drifted towards the shore.

At last one came so near them that the flash of the powder was seen.

With a glance at each other the men took up their coils of rope, and one after another went down to the edge of the sea, followed by the Widow Crawford.

Then came a crash as the ship struck a rock, a great cry filled their ears, and then—nothing but the crashing of the waves and the roaring of the wind.

The widow sat upon the sand in the blinding rain in patient silence, her dripping cloak drawn tight around her.

The bodies began soon to drift in, and, through the night, the little band worked at their task with grim devotion.

Two sailors were the only persons saved, and these towards morning helped in turn.

When the sun rose a few fragments of wreck and a row of still drenched figures lying on the sand were all the sea cast up of its prey.

The silent watcher in the cloak had waited for her son as yet in vain. As each body was washed ashore she had crept to it and carefully examined its face, only to each time shake her head and watch with yearning eyes until the next came in.

The first rays of the sun were reaching through a great rift in the clouds, touching the gray dull rocks and foam-flecked sand when the last corpse was washed ashore.

The fishermen gathered round it silently as the slight figure in the cloak knelt before it, and, with a low crooning cry, clasped its head in her arms, and sat rocking to and fro, her wet gray hair falling over its face—her son was found.

One of the rescued sailors peered curiously over her shoulder, then cautiously lifted the left hand of the corpse. Around the third finger was a deep purple indentation as if a ring much too small had long been worn there.

One of the fishermen grasped him by the shoulder and angrily drew him away. "Can't ye leave her alone with her dead?"

"No offense, mate," he answered, apologetically. "But you see, I was lookin' for some-thing as was there last night," lowering his voice. "He came aboard at Alexandria, and we heard about him then, how as he was the last one left of a caravan that was swallowed up in the desert. Some say he was saved by the ring he wore, as was a charm. Howsoever, from the hour he came aboard ill-luck followed us, and such weather that we nigh sunk a dozen times. He used to walk the deck all night, and talk to himself, and look over the side into the sea. When the moon shone he was worst. And he kep' growin' thinner and more like a corpse all the time, till the men said he was cursin' the ship with that serpent ring of his; and, sure enough, it did. But it's queer, mate, for it was there last night, a shinin' and gleamin' on his finger, where it had growed on, being too small, and now it's gone—clean gone!" he muttered, as he walked away shaking his head, leaving behind him the little group of fishermen around the gray figure with the drenched head in her arms.

The sea had once more won the ring. Had its last wearer won the first?

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, United States Senator from Maine, comes from an honored ancestry. His great-grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, was Commissary-General of the Revolutionary Army from 1778 till the close of the struggle in 1783. The high esteem in which Colonel Blaine was held by Washington and his great compatriot leaders in the Revolution is attested by numerous letters from them, official and unofficial, still in the possession of Colonel Blaine's descendants in that State. Mr. Blaine's father was born and reared in Carlisle, and, after an extended tour in Europe, South America and the West Indies, returned to spend the

greater portion of his life in the adjoining County of Washington, where he died before his son was fully grown. He had the largest landed possessions of any man of his age in Western Pennsylvania, owning an estate which, had it been preserved, would have amounted to-day to many millions.

James G. Blaine was born in Washington County, Pa., January 31st, 1830. In his earlier years he was under the best attainable tutorage, and at the age of eleven was sent to Lancaster, Ohio, to school, where he lived in the family of his relative, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at that time Secretary of the Treasury. In November, 1843, Mr. Blaine entered the Freshman class of Washington College, and graduated in September, 1847, at the age of seventeen years and eight months. In a class of thirty-three members Mr. Blaine shared the first honor with John C. Hervey, now Secretary of Public Instruction at Wheeling. He was a diligent, ambitious student, specially excelled in mathematics and Latin, and was marked as for his proficiency in Logic and Political Economy.

After teaching school for a time in Tennessee, Mr. Blaine became a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, leaving that position to accept that of editor of the *Kenebec (Maine) Journal*. Subsequently he was editor of the *Portland Advertiser*. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1859, '60, '61, and '62, serving the last two years as Speaker of the House; was elected to the Thirty-ninth, Forty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses (serving in the Forty-first, the Forty-second and Forty-third as Speaker). He was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Republican, and was subsequently elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lot M. Morrill, appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and being re-elected for the ensuing term which will expire March 3d, 1883. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and on the seventh ballot in the National Convention at Cincinnati received 351 votes, only 28 short of a majority.

Mr. Blaine's public career has, from the first, been exceptionally successful. A man of intense convictions, of high courage and resolute purpose, he has ranked for twenty years as one of the foremost leaders of his party, impressing himself largely upon the policy and legislation of the country in every great crisis and exigency of its recent history. In the crucial period following the civil war, he contributed quite as much as any other man in public life to that compact concentration of Northern sentiment which had its outcome in the constitutional amendments, under which the fruits of that struggle were securely garnered and definitely established. In more recent days he has been prominent as representing what is called the "stalwart" Republican sentiment, and it is that portion of his party which to-day so vigorously demands his nomination for the Presidency.

Mr. Blaine's personal appearance marks him everywhere as "a king of men." He is in the prime of life and the full flush of health. He is above the middle height, and yet is so compactly and strongly built that he does not seem tall. Upon his powerful trunk is set a large and well-developed head, with a full, handsome and expressive face, on which is expressed the confidence which comes from conscious ability and continued success. The eyes are keen and bold; the lower part of the face is covered with a full, neatly-trimmed gray beard, in which the trace of its original dark color may still be detected. His movements are quick and agile; his style of speaking clear, rapid and vigorous. The magnetism of his audience and the spirit of the occasion thrill and enkindle him, and he dashes impetuously on in his argument. He is at his best before a popular audience, especially in his own State, where almost every face is familiar to him. He has remarkable power of memory; no incident that claims his attention fails to impress itself upon his recollection, and he has the power to recall it whenever the same associations or conditions are renewed. He has prodigious working capacity, and, as a political organizer, is perhaps without an equal. The Republican canvass in Maine, always directed by him, touches the minutest details, and is far more complete and thorough than that of simple wards or townships in many other States.

Mr. Blaine is now prominently named for the Republican nomination for President, having apparently as many and as earnest supporters as four years ago. He is especially strong at the West, and has many supporters in Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, but it is possible that the "unit rule" adopted in the two former of these States may prevent their vote in the National Convention being cast in his favor. Should he be nominated and elected, he would, no doubt, maintain in his executive policy the most advanced sentiment of his party.

THE SEAL FISHERIES.

As a supplement to our recent illustration of the departure of the seal fleet from St. John's, Newfoundland, we give, this week, a sketch of the men of the fleet at work and shooting seals on broken ice. The extreme wariness of these creatures renders it necessary to exercise the utmost caution in approaching them, the slightest exposure of the hunter causing them to betake themselves to the water and under the ice. The plan adopted by the hunter is to lie hidden behind some pinnacle of ice within gunshot of a hole, and then, as the old seal—'tis of them exclusively we speak—come out of the water to bask in the sun, to shoot them. It is mentioned as a singular circumstance that if a number of them come up together the hunter may, if a good and experienced stalker, shoot them all consecutively, it being a fact that they, although sharp hearers, pay no attention to any cracking sound such as that of a rifle or sealing gun, while the slightest exposure to sight will frighten thousands off the ice. This mode is not so destructive as that of killing in the water, when it is said, by old hands, only one out of five shot is secured, the rest sinking when life expires.

The vessel shown in our illustration is the steamer *Arctic*, of Dundee, Captain Adams, which, with four others, takes out Newfoundland crews, the Scotchmen not being accustomed to the danger of taking seals on broken ice, and, therefore, of little use.

THE WHITTAKER OUTRAGE AT WEST POINT.

As the official investigation of the alleged outrage upon the colored West Point cadet, Whittaker, progresses, the public interest in the mystery becomes more general and engrossing. The method of conducting the inquiry has been severely commented on as being an assumption of the theory that the wounds were self-inflicted. Detectives have been employed to follow up a number of clues. Assistant United States District Attorney Fiero has been instructed to watch the proceedings by orders from Washington, and a reward of \$1,000 is offered through Hon. Martin I. Townsend, who is investigating the mystery at the instance of the Secretary of War, for the detection and conviction of the person or persons engaged in the binding and mutilation. Young Whittaker, while on the witness-stand, deposed himself in a manner to gain the sympathy of all the spectators, answering every question put to him without hesitation or contradiction of any of his prior assertions. He announced his belief that the officers of the post bore him no ill-feeling, but that the white cadets were against him. He lived perfectly isolated, never receiving a friendly call or act from any cadet, and never participating in the outdoor sports. He had often been ignored in the mess-room by the waiters, who would pass him by in handing many of the dishes around. One cadet had been court-martialed and dismissed for striking

him, and there were two others whom he believed had a grudge against him.

The latest rumor was to the effect that three cadets who had been drinking in a saloon in Highland Falls, were overheard speaking of "fixing the nigger Whittaker," a short time before the alleged outrage was committed. This clue was being followed up by the various detectives at the time of writing, and it was suggested that several who had been at work on that line expressed the strongest belief in the truth of Whittaker's narrative of the outrage.

The Court of Inquiry consists of the following officers: Major Alfred Mordecai, president; Captain Charles W. Raymond, lieutenant; Samuel E. Tillman, lieutenant; Clinton B. Sears, recorder. Lieutenant John G. D. Knight was originally assigned to represent the interests of Whittaker.

THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL FAIR.

THE grand fair in aid of the New York Hahnemann Hospital, which opened at Madison Square Garden, April 12th, was in every way a remarkable success. The arrangements and decorations of the Garden were superb, and the display of articles of beauty and utility was at once varied and brilliant. The principal booths were most artistically arranged, and a floral temple, which occupied a position near the centre of the building, was not only one of the first but one of most interesting objects which attracted the attention of visitors. This temple was especially attractive on "Connecticut night," the second of the fair, being handsomely decorated with flowers from private conservatories in that State. The booths, of different styles of architecture and elaborately decorated, extended down either side of the building from the entrance. Numberless Chinese lanterns and umbrellas hung from the ceiling and produced a pleasing effect, and over the promenade that encircles the main floor was suspended a line of bird-cages containing singing canaries. Among the more attractive tables and booths were the Cornucopia Table, a large Moorish temple in design, draped in crimson; the Fairy Table, constructed in the Queen Anne style, with deep purple drapery; the Rainbow Booth and the Eureka Booth, octagonal in shape, the posts trimmed in blue, and the sides decorated with large red and white roses. The Art Gallery was another point of special interest to visitors.

A striking feature of the fair was the gypsy encampment, situated at the east end of the building, near the place formerly occupied by the grove. The mouth of the grove was closed up with a large piece of mountain scenery, which served the double purpose of closing up a great gap and forming an effective background. In the centre of the camp was a tent made of bright-colored material. On the inside, at a table, a young lady, arrayed in gypsy costume, told the fortunes of young persons anxious to know their future. Near the door of the tent stood a large moving wagon covered with white canvas. Little girls, picturesquely attired in Spanish gypsy costume, scarlet dresses trimmed with gilt spangles and coins, ran through the encampment selling little trinkets of every description. Several young ladies, also dressed in gypsy costume, attended tables where cigars, pipes, outdoor games and archery articles were sold.

The opening proceedings of the fair were informal in character and judiciously brief. Mr. Salem H. Wales, the treasurer of the Fair Association, having read a brief address in eulogy of the ladies who had so disinterestedly come forward with their services and their gifts in the cause of so deserving a charity, introduced Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who spoke at some length. In the course of his remarks he said "that to the ladies was undoubtedly owing the introduction of hospitals in the United States; for," said the speaker, "in the old archives of the Assembly of the Colony of New York two hundred years ago Margaret McDaniel petitioned the Colonial Assembly to reimburse her for moneys expended during twenty years in taking care of sick strangers in New York." In England also the speaker said that Guy's Hospital owed its existence indirectly to the acts of women, and he excited some merriment by relating how old Guy had, shortly before his death, contemplated marrying his housekeeper, but taking offense at some orders she gave contrary to his own to workmen who were engaged in making alterations in his house, he relinquished his matrimonial projects and executed his will, leaving all his wealth for the purpose of establishing the magnificent hospital that bears his name. The gentleman concluded his remarks by an eloquent panegyric on the hospital system of New York, and spoke in fitting terms of the noble generosity displayed by the ladies on this occasion, as on all others, when the cause of charity stood in need of pleading.

The fair, the proceeds of which will be applied to the free-bed fund of the Hospital, will remain open for two weeks.

THE SWISS COLONY AT MOUNT AIREY, GEORGIA.

BREAKFASTING at the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., at 6:30, and a capital breakfast to boot, the artist and I crossed the street to the depot of the Piedmont Air Line, and, taking our seats in the cars, started at 7 o'clock for the new Swiss Colony at Mount Airey, distant from Atlanta about sixty miles. The original morris Swiss boy who selected this locality for an abiding place had a lively regard for the picturesque, nor had he in any way relinquished his fondness for climbing—Mount Airey being 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a panoramic view almost Mexican in its richness, beauty and extent. Stretched in "lingering sweetness long drawn out" is the vale of Nacoochee—a miniature Eden, absolutely startling one with its quiet loveliness, while in the hazy distance the Blue Ridge Mountains seem to form part of the azure sky.

The Swiss Colony at Mount Airey was established three years ago by Mr. J. Staub, a sturdy little pioneer, bearded like a pard and agile as an antelope. This gentleman, forsaking the land of the glacier and the chalets, came to the United States in 1873, and, ere he decided upon a site for the colony, visited Columbus, O., St. Louis; went up the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa, then to Chicago, then to St. Paul and back to Columbus and Cleveland. Florida next attracted his attention, and he passed thither through Kentucky. The Government of Florida offered the Swiss Government, through him, 500,000 acres of land if settlers would be sent. Mr. Staub eventually struck Georgia, and, coming to Mount Airey, pitched his tent. He published an account of his wanderings and final halting-place in a Swiss paper called *Landsbote*, with the result that in a few weeks an instalment of colonists were en route, consisting of eleven young men and four families, twenty-nine in all.

"Emigration," said Mr. Staub, to me, "is a political necessity in Switzerland. America has killed our watch trade; our silk and cotton trade, too, have been terribly crippled. I have over two hundred letters now from people in Switzerland seeking information about this place, and I look forward to making the Nacoochee Valley like one of our dear valleys in the Oberland. I'll see my people settled from Mount Airey to the Blue Ridge. I will have no one come here who has not money to buy tools and to set up farming. Pauper idlers are the ruin of a colony. Each family should bring \$500. This will enable them to buy their land and not to rent it. I suggest that four or five families club together and

raise \$1,500. This will enable them to purchase a farm of 250 acres. The farmers here only sell for cash. We don't know anything about mortgage," and he added, somewhat testily, "don't want to know."

After my interview with Mr. Staub I strolled over to the farm of another Swiss colonist, a Mr. Biedeman. I met this gentleman horseback-riding with his wife, a splendid specimen of the daughters of the land of Tell. Mr. Biedeman farms 500 acres, and seems to "handle the land" with the dexterity of an expert. The colony is rapidly increasing, and the ring of the ax and the thring of the harrow tells of "busy, thrifty husbandry." Gold is found in the Valley of Nacoochee, and some of the richest mines in Georgia are yielding their wealth to careful toilers. Unlike the deposits of other sections the gold is found in veins, not pockets. Mining is not, therefore, so hazardous as elsewhere.

North Georgia has a splendid future, and the attention of the tens of thousands of immigrants who are daily arriving in the United States should be earnestly drawn to its pine-clad hills and fertile valleys.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Louisiana Democratic Convention has declared in favor of General Hancock for President.

THE Charter election in Albany, New York, April 13th, resulted in a decisive Democratic victory.

SPEAKER RANDALL has written a letter in opposition to the enforcement of the unit rule by the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention.

THE Iowa Republicans have elected Blaine delegates to the National Convention. In the Kentucky and Missouri State Conventions the Republicans instructed their delegates for General Grant. The Kentucky Convention was marked by great turbulence.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Acklen has failed of a nomination for Congress from the Third District of Louisiana. He has been anything but an ornament to the House.

A REPORT that Mr. Tilden had prepared a letter withdrawing from the Presidential race is authoritatively denied.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention has elected a delegation favorable to the nomination of Senator Edmunds for President.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Spanish Thanks for French Charity.

The gratitude of the Spaniards to the French people for the relief afforded to the sufferers by the floods of Murcia has shown itself not only in Spain, but in the Spanish South American States. In Buenos Ayres in January last, a manifestation by Spaniards in favor of France was made, which was most enthusiastic. On January 6th the Spanish Club began the demonstration at 8 p. m., and it continued through the evening. Cries of "Vive l'Espagne," "Vive la Republique Argentine," "Vive la France," came from the streets and balconies. The different societies in the procession sang the "Marseillaise" in French, and toasts were made to the Latin race.

The New Bridge at Basle.

This beautiful structure of stone and iron, the second bridge over the Rhine at Basle, was opened last year. A peculiarity of it is that it crosses the river diagonally, and has but three short spans, with narrow road arches. It is highly ornamented, and each of the four shore abutments supports a classical figure in white marble.

A Lesson in Bandaging.

The frequent accidents which occur when it is impossible to get a physician or surgeon at once, make it peculiarly necessary that the lay people should be instructed in the art of dressing and bandaging wounds. To illustrate this necessity the following incident may be told: The other day a poor lad fell down a steep shaft in the docks in England—nearly seventy feet. The "navy" working at the bottom thought it was a lump of wood at his feet, and kicked him; finding that it was a boy he said: "What are you doing down here?" Further, finding that the boy was insensible, he holloed to his mates up the shaft, "What d'ye chuck the boy down here for?" He knew nothing of ambulance appliances and the delights of triangular bandages. Dr. Crookshank has begun a series of lectures before St. Agatha's Workmen's Club on this subject. Already fifteen members of the club have passed the necessary examination and obtained the certificate.

The Landing of the Danube Steamboat Company.

This powerful company controls almost all the steam-boat navigation on the Danube and its affluents, running fine boats on the Danube from Ratisbon to Sulzbrunn, 335 miles; on the Inn, from Simbach to Passau, 8 miles; on the Drave, from Barco to Draueck, 20 miles; on the Theiss, from Tokay to Sankamend, 116 miles; on the Save, from Sisseck to Savepetz, 80 miles, and, finally, from Sulin, on the Black Sea, to Odessa. In 1878 they carried more than three million passengers. The appointments of the vessels and of the various landings are good and well-regulated, and the view of the main landing at Vienna shows that they look both to display and to the convenience of travelers.

Visit of the ex-Empress Eugenie to Zululand.

The ex-Empress Eugenie left England, Thursday, March 25th, on her mournful errand to South Africa. Traveling incognito under the name of the Countess of Pierrefonds, she left Waterloo Station in a carriage, which, on reaching Southampton, was detached from the train and run into a shed in the docks, so that the arrival and departure might be kept as private as possible. The ex-Empress was received by Sir B. Phillips, Chairman of the Union Company, and at once led on board the steam-tender, which conveyed her to the Union Company's steamship *German*, in which the voyage will be made. Among the company which assembled to witness Her Majesty's departure were Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Dukes of Bassano and Fernand Nunez, the Princess Anna Murat, the Duchess de Mouchy, M. Pietri, and Chilmann, the valet of the late Prince, who identified the body on its arrival in England, and to whom the Empress presented, in the *German's* saloon, a photograph of her son. There were also present the Bishop of St. Alban's and the Hon. Mrs. Claughton, Lord Dorchester, Canon Wilberforce, Sir Owen Burns, Sir Linton Simmonds, and Messrs. G. Mercer and H. Maynard, two of the directors of the Union Company. Her Majesty is accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Campbell (who goes out to visit the grave of her husband, who fell at Zolobane), Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano (son of the Duke of Bassano), Dr. Scott, Lieutenant Slade and five servants, two of whom were the English servants of the late Prince. The cabins occupied by Her Majesty are on the port side of the vessel, and are luxuriously and tastefully fitted and furnished. The wildest dream never surpassed the romance of the widow of the third Napoleon sailing from England to touch at St. Helena on her way to look upon the spot in Zululand where fell the fourth and last Napoleon. The Empress is said, as she left, to have looked sadly broken, and her hair has turned gray.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Texas Sunday law has been declared constitutional.

—IN the last twenty years the London Board of Works has revised the names of nearly two thousand streets.

—THE exportation of petroleum from this country during February amounted to 24,962,662 gallons, worth \$2,302,755.

—REPORTS from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky show that much of the peach crop this year has been injured by the frost.

—HART, the winner of the O'Leary Belt, received \$16,967.66 as his winnings, or a trifle over \$30 for every mile he traveled during the race.

—It is stated that the French Jesuits are making important purchases in Spain of old convents and houses, in view of their expulsion from France.

—A RICH and eccentric Parisian has concluded a search for some new pleasure by establishing a private circus for the amusement of himself and his friends.

—THE United States Government proposes to establish a coaling station at Chiriqui, Colombia, for ships cruising on the Central and South American coasts.

—A SUIT pending in the United States Court at Chicago concerning an oleomargarine patent has brought out the fact that oleomargarine has a sale in this country of 98,000,000 pounds per annum.

—CHASTINE COX, the negro who murdered Mrs. Jane L. De Forrest Hull in June, 1879, and Pietro Balbo, who murdered his wife September 30th, 1879, have both been re-sentenced to be hanged on May 25th.

—THE municipal authorities of Berlin have under consideration plans for an elevated railroad across that capital, to be worked by electricity, and a special commission of engineers and architects have been commissioned to report upon it.

—DANIEL O'LEARY offers to match Hart and Dobler against any two men in England in a pedestrian contest of 142 consecutive hours for \$10,000 a side and upwards, the place to be New York City, and the time to be any week within three months.

—THE Russian Government has delivered to the Porte its bill of expenses for the maintenance of Turkish prisoners during the last war. The sum to be reimbursed amounts to \$4,700,000. Immediate payment is asked; whence the money is to come no one knows.

—At the Durbar, held at Cabul, the chiefs were informed that the army would withdraw whenever they could agree upon a ruler whose government is likely to be stable and friendly to England. The demeanor of all present was friendly, and the way has been paved for a favorable solution of the question.

—It is the purpose of the Commissioner of Agriculture of South Carolina shortly to visit every county in the State for the purpose of more thoroughly informing himself as to the various resources of the State, and also to organize agricultural clubs, from which he can procure statistics of the products of the State.

—THE United States Government has ordered that twelve girls and twelve boys of the Cherokee Indians, residing in the more western counties of North Carolina, be educated at the expense of the Government at the Asheville Female and the Weaverville Colleges, the girls to be taught at Asheville and the boys at Weaverville, for the purpose of enabling them to instruct their own people.

—IN order to counteract as far as possible the policy of Count Bismarck, in attempting to drive the German-English traffic exclusively to German ports, the Belgian Government have, in connection with the Great Eastern Railway Company, arranged transit tariffs through Belgium for German produce; the rates charged between Antwerp and Herbesthal being in some cases rather less than one halfpenny per ton per mile.

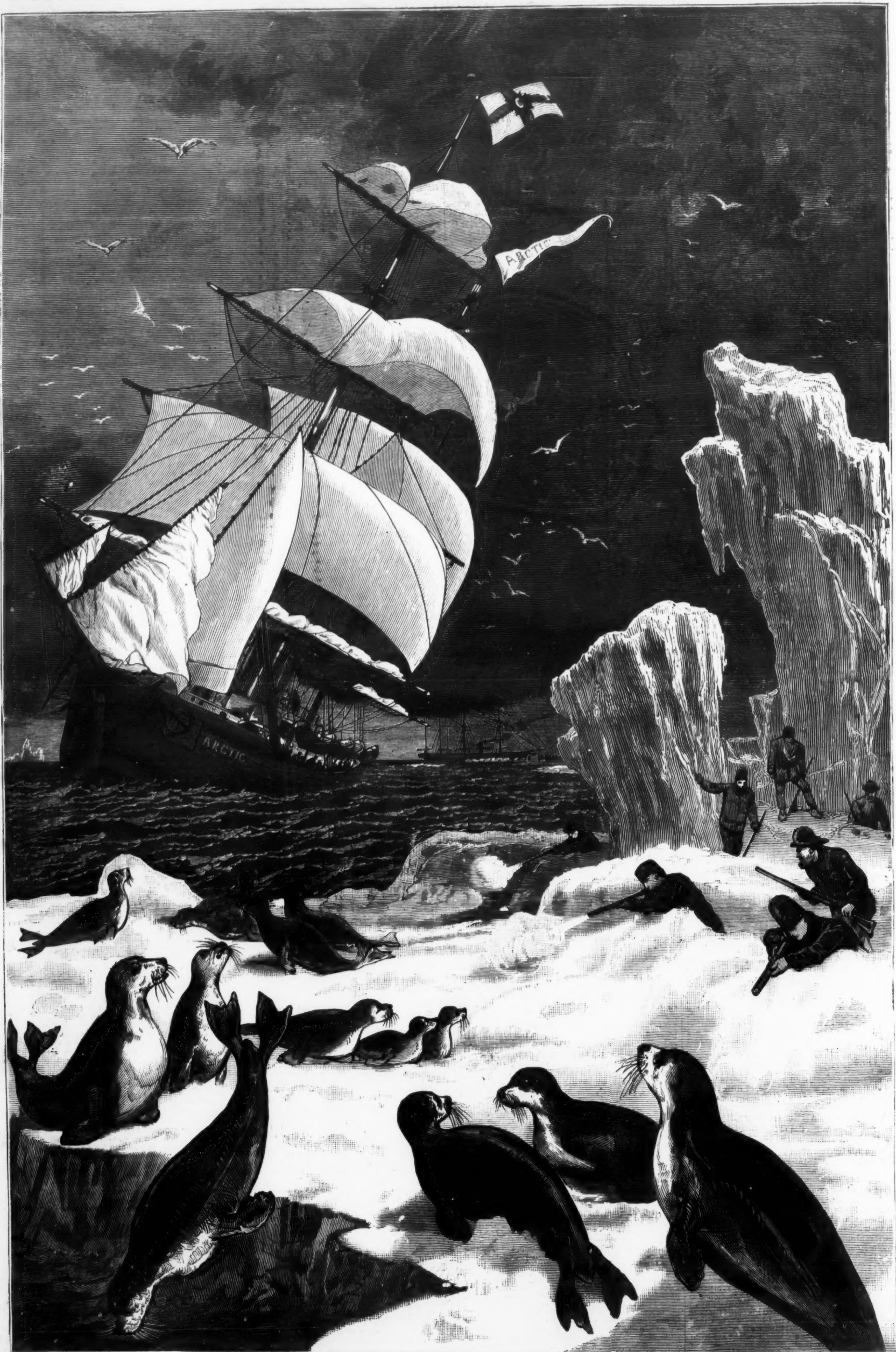
—OUR Consul at Tien-tsin reports that American manufactures can secure the trade of China by sending out only unadulterated and perfect goods. The English put on the Chinese market cotton goods more or less adulterated with sizing, which weigh much less after washing than before, while the American retain their integrity. Within three years the consumption of American cotton goods has gained immensely on the English, and the Consul imputes this almost wholly to their superior character.

—AMONG the gifts lately received by the Louvre is a mosaic tile pavement covered with arabesque ornaments in the style of the Italian Renaissance, which formed the altar steps in the chapel of the Château de La Bâtie in the Forez. It bears the date of 1557, and is said to form a magnificent specimen of French ceramic art of the time. The museum has also received a handsome circular Italian casket ornamented with paintings representing an allegory of Love. It is dated 1421, and has a Latin inscription to the effect that those who wish to live happily should preserve respect for Cupid and the other divinities.

—ON March 16th, at Prague, in the presence of the Governor of Bohemia, the Prince Archbishop Cardinal von Schwarzenberg, and other personages, were solemnly disinterred the remains of St. Adalbert, the famous Benedictine monk and Bishop of Prague, who was killed in the tenth century while endeavoring to convert the Pagan Prussians. His body was taken by the Polish King Boleslaus to Guesen, whence the Duke of Bohemia, Bretislav I., brought it among his trophies, after a campaign against the Poles, to Prague. The coffin bore the date 1346. It has been conveyed to the cathedral and placed in the reliquary.

—GLADSTONE, in a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, explained what he meant by his denunciation of Austria in one of his late speeches. He said that he understood perfectly well the difference between the old and the present régimes in Austria, but he hated Metternich, and, he added, "I hate all that recalls in the slightest his system of interference in the affairs of the people who are working out their own freedom. The freed Slavic races should be permitted to build their future without molestation. Whoever among the Austrians knows the significance of the English expression 'hands off,' knows my policy. 'Hands off!' I repeat."

—THE annual report of the Trustees of the Astor Library shows that in the year 1879 \$16,995.52 were spent for books, binding, catalogues, shelves and equipment, and that its income was \$27,597.89; 5,869 volumes were added, making the whole number now in the library 189,114, 1,100 of the accessions being works on Oriental history and literature. The total number of visitors was 59,042—a daily average of about 214. In November last Mr. John Jacob Astor conveyed to the library by deed of gift three lots of ground adjoining on the north, 75 feet front on Lafayette Place by 100 feet in depth, and announced his intention of erecting thereon an addition to the present library building 65 feet in front by 100 feet deep, which will increase the capacity for books by 120,000 volumes. It is noticed that although the attendance of general visitors last year fell short of what it was in 1878, the number of alcove visitors, who generally are engaged in some particular research, considerably increased.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL-FISHERIES.—SHOOTING SEALS ON THE BROKEN ICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 135.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND FAIR IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, IN AID OF THE FREE-BED FUND OF THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL.
SEE PAGE 135.

OUTRE TOMBE.

ONE pale and perfect twilight eve in May,
Pensive of mood, I sought her cherished
tomb;
The air was redolent with a suave perfume,
The earth had woven into flowers the way!
With saddest thought I knelt me down to pray,
Wondering how nature, lacking her, could
bloom,
When, oh, most strange, a rose-bush from the
gloom,
Caught in my sleeve, as if to bid me stay!

I dared not doubt; her fond soul at my feet
Breathed in the beautiful bosom of the flowers,
And charmed my sense, as when in bliss complete,
Upon the blue Garonne, near feudal towers,
Her white, soft, jeweled hands and kisses sweet
Were wont to lure me back in vanished hours!
F. S. SALTUS.

GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND,
HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER
MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

MELCHIOR and Reginald walked rapidly towards the *albergo* near which stood their carriage, with the driver walking, as before, in front of his horses and cutting at the grass with his whip.

An intelligent look came into his eye as they approached, and a cunning smile played on his lips.

"All is well, then, with the signor?" he said.

"Yes," replied Melchior, shortly.

"And the other signori who joined you at the palazzo an hour ago?"

Melchior shrugged his shoulders. "Drive back," he said, "to where we met you this morning." And so speaking, he and Reginald entered the carriage, leaving the driver, before he should take his seat, to chuckle and to make a pass or two with his whip at an imaginary enemy.

As the vehicle rolled away in the direction of Milan, the friends looked back at the palazzo. Near the entrance to the avenue they perceived Vellani's party. Vellani was walking apparently without assistance, with Rodolfi and the surgeon on either side of him. "He is not much hurt," said Reginald, as he marked this fact. Then he put his arm around Melchior's neck. "Thank heaven it is over!" he exclaimed.

For a moment Melchior was silent.

"I am glad," he said, finally, "that it fell to me to meet Vellani. He was no mean antagonist, I assure you, and had it been your lot to encounter him, I doubt not that he would have killed you with as little compunction as he would kill a fly. The man is an assassin at heart, and I saw when we crossed swords that he would have slain me if he could."

"You were his superior with the sword—why did you not disable him at first, if you understood his purpose so plainly, instead of disarming him merely?"

"I don't know. My original intention was to inflict the wound which later, under the pressure of necessity, I was compelled to inflict; but when it came to the test, I could not do so."

"With the courage and skill of Sir Galahad you have the heart of a tender and loving woman, Melchior!" exclaimed Reginald, with admiration. "Ah, my friend—for you are, indeed, the best and noblest of friends!—I never can forgive myself for having been the cause of your peril this morning! It seems to me, too, that I should not leave Milan without enforcing some sort of accountability on this Vellani."

"Fshaw! this is mere sentiment. The man will be disabled for a long time, and you cannot afford to wait here until he chooses to get well. Rodolfi is right. The sooner we leave Milan the better. You have your manuscript, and Vellani has proved himself unworthy of your notice. Let us consider that he has been sufficiently punished."

"Circumstances seem to have decided for me," said Reginald, throwing himself back moodily in his seat. "I suppose I should feel grateful that my life has been spared from the murderous thrust of that fellow's blade, but—"

"But what?"

"I cannot help remembering that it might have been at the price of yours, Melchior."

"You are a little vexed," said Melchior, with a smile, "that it was I that crossed swords with Vellani instead of you. Is it not so?"

"Yes. What shall I tell Manuela—I beg pardon, I should say, Miss Waring—when I see her? Must I tell her that I allowed her brother, brave and generous as he is, to be drawn into a duel on my account with a man to fight whom I had journeyed from New York to Milan?"

"You do not state the case exactly as it stands," Melchior answered, lightly. "When you see her—if you should see her before I do—tell her that the susceptible Marchesa di Lupo fell in love with Melchior at their first interview, although he did not reciprocate her passion, and that Mr. Luigi Vellani, suspecting the fickleness of his fair betrothed, and mad with jealousy, forced a duel on him, in which virtue, fortified by skill, was triumphant. Tell her also that Melchior and Vellani's own friends applauded your resolution to decline any further notice of Vellani. But, above all things, do not fail to tell her of the marchesa."

The thought of his adventure with the marchesa seemed to amuse him highly, for he laughed to himself in his corner of the carriage. His mirthfulness was contagious, and

soon Reginald, forgetful of his self-reproachful thoughts, found himself echoing his friend's merriment.

When the carriage reached the city, after paying the driver and dismissing him, the friends, arm-in-arm, walked with rapid steps towards their hotel.

They spoke little on the way. Each was occupied with his own reflections, and each was thinking of the separation now so near at hand.

As they approached the hotel, Melchior said, as if answering his own thoughts:

"Yes, Rodolfi was right. The stroke of noon must not find us in Milan. We shall meet again, Reginald, in New York or at Albuquerque."

Reginald made no reply, but walked by his friend's side with his eyes fixed on the pavement.

They entered the vestibule of the hotel, and Melchior again spoke. "Let us at once arrange our trunks, so as to take advantage of the departure of the first trains for Genoa and Paris."

I have some writing to do which will detain me for half an hour. It is now half-past ten o'clock. Meet me in the sitting-room at eleven."

They separated, each going to his own room. The few preparations that Melchior had to make were soon completed. When his trunk was packed and ready for the porter, he seated himself at a table and began to write.

The letter that he had written he sealed and placed in his pocket. From the same pocket he took several written sheets of paper, which, together, formed quite a bulky package. Then he lighted a match, held these papers to the flame, threw them into the fireplace, and watched them until they were converted into a heap of black ashes. These ashes he stirred around and crushed until they were reduced nearly to a powder.

For a minute or two he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, gazing at the cinders in the fireplace and seemingly lost in thought.

He came out of his abstraction at last, sighed faintly, and, turning, rang the bell.

When the waiter came in answer, he directed the man to take his trunk down stairs. Reginald was awaiting him in the sitting-room.

"Are you ready?" asked Melchior.

"Yes."

"Then let us go."

As they were leaving the room a man, dressed in the garb of a private soldier, who had been conversing with the hotel clerk a moment before, advanced to Melchior, placed a note in his hand hurriedly, and with the brief remark in Italian, "For Signor Waring, from Signor Rodolfi," bowed, and stood as if awaiting an answer.

Melchior opened the note, and translated its contents to Reginald as follows:

"SIGNOR WARING—The meeting of this morning is known to the Chief of Police. He informs me, privately, that if you and your friend will depart from Milan at once, the matter shall go no further; otherwise, you will be arrested. Take my advice; leave Milan without delay. V. is in no danger. In two weeks, the surgeon tells me, he will be off the sick list. Intelligence of the affair was sent to the police by the Marchesa di Lupo, who manifests great bitterness against you. Yours, RODOLFI."

Melchior wrote in reply, thanking the officer for his warning, and explaining to him that they were on the eve of departure from the city.

"The marchesa, it seems, was determined to revenge herself on me for having slighted her charms," he said, laughingly, after Rodolfi's messenger had gone. "But, fortunately, we shall be beyond any danger from her malice in an hour."

"We owe our immunity from arrest to the good nature of the Chief of Police, I suppose," said Reginald.

"Yes, and probably a little to Rodolfi's promise to get us out of Milan immediately. It would not surprise me if Vellani and the marchesa were prepared to hatch up some plot against us, by which Vellani would have been enabled to escape all responsibility, and we should have been put to serious inconvenience."

"The idea is a disagreeable one. Come, let us be off!"

The trunks were on the respective carriages, and the two friends stood on the sidewalk, exchanging farewells.

"Here, Reginald," said Melchior, handing him a letter, "here is something that I wish you to refrain from reading until you are aboard the steamer on your return to the United States. Promise me that you will do as I wish."

"I promise it. But what does this envelope contain? Why this mystery, my dear boy?"

"That is my secret. The contents will interest you, I dare say. All that I ask is that you will not be offended if I am not more explicit on the matter treated of in this letter. Some day I may explain it to you more fully."

"Do not fear that I shall feel offended," answered Reginald, pressing his hand affectionately. "Nothing that you could do could offend me."

"Farewell, mio caro."

"Farewell, Melchior."

Melchior walked with quick steps to his carriage.

At the door he paused and turned.

"You know where to find me when I am at home," he exclaimed. Then, with a wave of his hand he sprang into the vehicle.

In the next half-minute the driver had closed the door and seized the reins, and the carriage was speeding towards the station of the Milan and Genoa Railway.

Reginald watched it as it receded in the distance, and as it turned a corner two squares away he saw a white handkerchief fluttering at the window.

There was no time to return the salutation, for the vehicle in the same moment disappeared.

A sudden sense of solitude came over him as he appreciated the fact that he was alone. It

seemed to him now, for the first time, that he really had parted from his friend.

"How strange an impulse of affection I have for Melchior!" he exclaimed, following his train of thought. "I feel in this separation, that I love him almost as men love women. But is it for his sake alone, or for the sake of Manuela, whose brave, pure soul seemed to be looking from his eyes?"

The driver of his carriage snapped his whip slightly and cast an inquiring glance in his direction.

Recalled by this little by-play to the necessity of hastening his movement, he took his seat in the coach.

"To the Turin station," he said.

In a half-hour thereafter he was on his way to Paris.

Three days later he left Havre in a steamer of the French line on his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XII.—MELCHIOR'S REVELATION OF THE PAST.

FAITHFUL to his promise to Melchior, Reginald waited until the two towering light-houses that mark the sea approaches to Havre had dwindled into mere specks on the watery horizon before he opened the letter that his friend had left with him, and the contents of which were to be read only when he should be fairly out at sea on his return to the United States.

The steamer was moving rapidly through the water, vibrating through all her length with the motion of the revolving screw and rising and falling in the long swell of the ocean; on the deck the passengers were sitting in groups or were promenading under the wide awning which screened them from the rays of the sun.

Reginald sat apart from the rest, and, with his arm resting on the railing, silently watched the diminishing line of the coast, and when, as has been said, all signs of land had vanished save the lighthouses of the cape, fixed on their lofty promontory, he began the perusal of what Melchior had written:

"You will be surprised, my dear Reginald," (his friend's letter began) "to read what follows, and you will marvel greatly when you see how I have restored your old manuscript. You will say to yourself, 'Can Melchior be in earnest, or is he only playing on my credulity?'"

"Let me say to you in the beginning that in all that I have written I have given facts that I have every reason to know are true. But, alas! the most important links in the chain I cannot supply, and that is the name of the pueblo and of the church that holds the hidden treasure. However familiar to me may be the story as related in the manuscript, the name of the pueblo never has been known to me. As to the rest, you must feel too assured of my honesty and my regard for you to think for a moment that I would deceive you."

"What riddle is this? I think I can hear you saying to yourself, 'Well, let it remain a riddle until time and circumstances, which decide the fates and fortunes of all of us, shall, perhaps, read it aright to both our understandings. I wish to see you possess that treasure. A million and a half of dollars, my dear Reginald, will then come into your hands, and you will enjoy all that the possession of such a fortune can give. I will not envy you—as if I ever could envy you any good!—for I am rich enough by inheritance to satisfy my utmost needs.'"

"When I suggested to you the theory of Vellani's possible course if he should endeavor to find the treasure, I was thinking more particularly of what I knew myself regarding the facts of the case. I was only contemplating a journey—the journey to Madrid and thence to the place of the arrest of the writer of the manuscript—that might result in the solution of the mystery. So you see, I was not so much inspired after all, and it was very easy for me to point out the road when I was familiar beforehand with all the milestones. How this knowledge came to me need not concern you. If you are very curious about it, however, I will tell you: A little bird sang it in my ear!"

"I must confess that your venerable manuscript made some points clear to me that had before been vague and unsatisfactory. I knew, for instance, that its writer was arrested somewhere in the north of Mexico, but where, was always a mystery to me. But now I feel certain that the place was Durango. In supplying the deficiencies of the document I have written words and phrases that may be somewhat different from the originals, but the facts, Reginald, were as I give them to you. The words that I have added, as you will see by comparing my version with the manuscript itself, are underscored."

"In conclusion, let me advise you to go to Durango—if you still intend to pursue the matter to the end—and gather there any information—whether traditional or documentary evidence—that you may obtain of the most unhappy Chevalier St. Evremont Deville—he who died in the castle of San Juan de Ulua, at Vera Cruz, in the year 1700, and left that old letter as a memento that he had lived and suffered. At Durango some clue may exist to the now unknown pueblo; and the name of that pueblo once discovered, the rest is clear; for, if the ancient church be still standing, the treasure of gold, diamonds and precious stones must still be awaiting the hand of its discoverer. The conviction grows on me hourly that Vellani will begin his researches as soon as he is convalescent of his wound. This will be in a few days' time. Should he go to Madrid—and it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to do so—he may find the clue to the name of the prisoner and the locality of the arrest; and then by one of those chances that sometimes so mysteriously occur to make or mar a man's destiny, he may discover the name of the pueblo. Should he ever acquire that knowledge, he will know where to go better than either of us know at present."

"Farewell, my dear Reginald. Remember me as one who would do much to serve you."

"MELCHIOR WARING."

When Reginald had finished the perusal of this letter, with its unexpected contents, he leaned his forehead on his arm for several minutes. When he again looked up, his eyes were moist as though tears had wet their lids. It was not alone what he had just read—unselfish, just and affectionate as it proved Melchior to be—that had aroused this display of feeling, for his nature was not one to give way easily to tears; but in that interval he was thinking with renewed tenderness and gratefulness of the devoted youth who so generously had espoused his cause in a critical moment, and even had imperiled his own life—purposely, as he now began to believe—to preserve him from the danger of a meeting with Vellani.

With strangely mingled feelings he prepared to peruse the manuscript as restored by Melchior's hand. Unaccountable to him as was his friend's knowledge of the hidden facts related in it, he nevertheless had so much confi-

dence in his assurance that what he had written was strictly true, that he did not for a single moment enter into self-argument on the subject, as he read what follows:

"In Prison."

"DEAR BROTHER CLAUDE—In the wall of the church of the pueblo, the name of which you know well, is the treasure in gold dust, diamonds and other precious stones, which I brought with me from Brazil in the year 1678, when I fled from it at country to escape the persecutions of the Viceroy Oliveira. This treasure is of the value of three hundred thousand louis d'ors, and at the suggestion of Fra Pablo, the Franciscan friar, during my stay at the pueblo, as a means of securing its safety while I should remain there, I hid it in the wall of the church, behind the altar, about a man's height from the ground. The good padre himself removed the material of which the wall is composed, and in this receptacle was placed the leaden box that contains the treasure. When all was completed, we repaired the wall, marking the place of concealment with the inscription 'Juzta intra muros,' which was cut by Fra Pablo into the adobe. Then, having washed the spot over with lime, no trace of our work remained. The circumstances that led to the abandonment of the pueblo it is unnecessary to recapitulate. In order to escape the fury of the heathen who, doubtless inspired by the Evil One, threatened our destruction, we left the place one night suddenly and secretly. I could not venture even to remove the box from the wall. Fra Pablo—alas! the venerable man, my old and good friend!—was slain and I alone survived with the secret. It was impossible thereafter for me to return. The danger of captivity and death was too extreme, and while awaiting an opportunity to recover the treasure from its place of concealment, I was put under arrest in Durango, because of certain words uttered in a moment of exasperation against His Catholic Majesty, and brought a prisoner to this Castle of San Juan. I shall never depart from my cell alive, my brother—I feel it. Go, then, to the church and obtain the treasure which I leave as my legacy to you and your children! I am childless. And to you, now that the path is open, I give it with a brother's benediction. I will send the letter at the first opportunity by a trustworthy hand, hoping that it may escape the scrutiny of my jailers. Remember that within the wall of the church, behind the inscription, the box is to be found. May heaven bless you and your family. Farewell, my brother, farewell."

"ST. EVREMONT DEVILLE."

Thus was it that Melchior had cleared up the mystery of the manuscript, and as Reginald read what his friend had written, he felt the conviction that it was a faithful, if not an exact, reproduction of the original document, as it had come from the hand of the writer. There was one point, however, on which he still was dubious, and this was in connection with the date 1678, and the diamonds of which the treasure was in part composed.

He knew that the first public discovery of diamonds in Brazil was made in the year 1728, although long previous to that time the natives had been aware of their existence in the country, though ignorant, of course, of the value attached to them by their conquerors. One of two things, therefore, was evident; either St. Evremont had taken the diamonds with him to Brazil, or, what was more likely, he had discovered them sixty years anterior to the Portuguese authorities' knowledge of the presence of diamonds in the province, and had kept his discovery a secret from all. It was a suspicion, perhaps, on the part of the Viceroy of his possession of the diamonds, thought Reginald, that caused the persecutions which had obliged him to flee Brazil.

The impression produced on him by the story, as revealed by Melchior, engendered in his mind an impatient desire for the ending of the voyage in order that he might set out at the first opportunity for Durango.

With the sanguine confidence of youth he already felt himself the master of the last secret in the solution of the only remaining mystery—the name of the pueblo.

But the process by which this knowledge was to be obtained took a most misty shape in his mind.

He saw himself, moreover, the possessor of St. Evremont's treasure, free to share it with Melchior, now doubly endeared to him.

Thinking of these things, he falls into a reverie, and a vision of the past comes before his eyes, the central figure of which is the vague pueblo with its church, and in it the shadowy forms of St. Evremont Deville and Fra Pablo, holding the leaden box between them. They dig into the adobe, befriended by the uncertain light that barely steals through the barred shutters of the rude edifice and is reflected in a faint glimmer from the surface of the gold and silver altar ornaments. The box is deposited in the cavity and the adobe is replaced. Then Fra Pablo engraves in the sun-dried brick of the wall the Latin line which marks the place of deposit, and the spot is carefully whitewashed, so that no curious eye may detect that the wall has been tampered with.

The scene changes, and in his reverie he sees the spectacle of the sudden rising of the angry Indians against their Spanish oppressors. The latter fly, saint as well as sinner, and among them Fra Pablo and Deville, leaving the treasure-box behind them. But the former is overtaken by the avenging natives and dies in his tracks, while the latter succeeds in reaching a place of safety.

Another change and the picture of Deville's arrest in Durango passes before his mind, followed by the captive's long journey to the dungeon of San Juan de Ulua, in Vera Cruz. Then comes the years of Deville's imprisonment; the hopeless expectations of release; the writing of the manuscript; the depositary of the paper in the binding of the old book, while the writer awaits an opportunity to send it out of the castle; the failure of the captive's hopes; the final death of St. Evremont in his prison-house, and the varied adventures of the ancient volume up to the moment when it fell into his—Reginald's hands—in the Nassau Street bookstore.

From this point his vision includes events of the present. He has journeyed to Mexico and has discovered the name of the pueblo. He seeks the spot and stands at last in the church before the inscription cut into the wall, the lines of which are so worn away with the crumbling of the adobe that they are scarcely discernible to the eye or palpable to the touch. He removes the adobe, and before him lies the leaden box as unchanged as when the hands of

Fra Pablo and St. Evremont had placed it there two centuries before. He stretches forth his hand to grasp it, but at that moment another hand seizes it, and a malicious face, distorted into the features of a Mephistopheles, looks over his shoulder.

It is the face of Vellani!

A sudden noise arouses him from his rapt forgetfulness. He looks around him. The noise is caused by the passengers rising from their seats and hurrying to the saloon, the signal for dinner having just sounded.

This awakening is like the bursting of a glittering, fascinating bubble.

"Ah," he says to himself, as he joins the rest and descends the stairway to the saloon, "it was only a day-dream, after all! But the appearance of Vellani at the moment I was about to obtain possession of the box—can that vision be prophetic?"

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE good ship *City of Brussels* had been warped into dock, a couple of tenders come alongside and the emigrants step gladly on board, for is not the tender but a floating gangway leading to the eagerly longed for terra firma. The luggage is disgorged from the hold and transferred to barges in waiting, under the supervision of the obliging luggage-master, Mr. Madan; and the passenger-agent, Mr. Williams, having given the starting word to the pilots of the tenders, in a few seconds the sturdy little vessels are scudding down the river en route to Castle Garden. What a bright and bustling scene! The river studded with craft of every description, from the huge ocean steamer to the tiny sailing-boat, from the richly-laden and dignified argosy to the impudent little tug, scudding hither and thither and audaciously dashing beneath the very bows of some Leviathan, in momentary danger of being crushed like an eggshell. White-sailed sloops and schooners, ferry-boats speeding from shore to shore with their living and anxious freight, the Battery and Bedloe's and Governor's Islands, backed by the Narrows and Staten Island, all this does the emigrant take in as he is borne onwards; but Castle Garden is his Mecca, and every eye is fixed upon the longed-for spot of earth where the foot is to be planted after ocean incarceration.

The tenders speedily reach their destination, and the landing is effected. In single file the newcomers filter into the enormous rotunda, and Mr. George Morrell, the courteous police officer in charge, ushers them towards the registering clerk. Here each one is asked his or her name, place of birth and destination, the replies being entered in an enormous ledger. Then comes the question of departure, trains, boats, etc., and the queries uttered in French, Italian, Irish, Danish, Finnish, Russian, and fifty different dialects, are briefly but courteously responded to. Those who propose remaining in New York emerge into the Battery Park, and are cared for by the agents of the Inman line, who see them safely housed in respectable boarding-houses. Those who are compelled to wait for the evening trains for the West and South encamp in the rotunda, gypsy fashion, and sit, sprawl, crouch and lie in every attitude of indolent nonchalance. Some of these groups are intensely picturesque. The quaint costumes of Danish and German villages, the rich colors of Connemara cloaks, and the thousand and one hues of the beribboned lassies of many climes, blend in glowing contrasts. Meals are partaken of; the "t" is wet and the lager is foamed; children romp and play; the old people doze, and the younger take up the thread of the flirtations commenced on the bounding billows, and resolve to make the most of their time ere the bitter word of parting. The hour at length arrives when it becomes necessary to move towards the train, and then there is a mighty upheaval of human forms and human impedimenta. An employé musters the various parties, calling out names and destinations, and, still under the protecting aegis of the agents of the Inman Line, our emigrants march to the railway depot, enter the cars, and—Go West!

In a few brief months the almighty dollar rolls across the pond, and the dear ones left behind follow in the footsteps of the pioneers.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME AT ERIE, PA.

WE give herewith an illustration of the Wayne Block-house and Marine Hospital and grounds at Erie, which are proposed to be transferred by the State of Pennsylvania to the General Government to be used as a home for the indigent soldiers and sailors who are not comprehended under the general laws governing our national homes. A Bill is now before Congress providing for the establishment of such a home, conditioned on the transfer of the property by the State of Pennsylvania, and there is reason to believe that it will be passed at an early day. The history of the Wayne Block-house goes back to the first settlement at Presque Isle, and is full of interest. The treaty of Aix La Chapelle in 1748, which closed the war in Europe, left the boundaries of the French and English possessions in America undefined. In the opinion of the French, the discovery of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi entitled them to the territory watered by those streams, while the claim of England was founded on the fact of King James dated 1606 to divers of his subjects, of all the countries lying between north latitude 48° and 34°, and westward from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea. Early in 1753 the French sent out a detachment from Montreal to make good their claim by force of arms, and to oblige all English subjects to evacuate, and in the April of that year they built on garrison grounds a fort of logs about one hundred and twenty feet square, with a log house in each corner, which they called Fort Presque Isle. In March, 1759, the garrison consisted of two officers, two merchants, a clerk, a priest, and one hundred and three soldiers, under the command of Burninok. A few months later all the regular troops which could be spared from Presque Isle were ordered to Fort Niagara, which had been besieged by the English, under General Prideaux. After the defeat of the French at Niagara the utmost confusion prevailed at Presque Isle, and by the middle of August all the stores were sent away, and the garrison only waited the arrival of the French at Fort Venango and Lebreuf to join them, when they would all set out in bateaux for Detroit. A tradition prevails that at this time large quantities of treasure were buried either in the fort or on the line of the old French road. The French departed in great haste, and in 1760 Major Rodgers took formal possession of the fort in the name of the King of England, though it was not until 1763 that a definite treaty of peace was signed at Paris.

When Pontiac formed his plan for restoring to his people their homes and hunting grounds, he called about him the great Indian chiefs, and appealed to the love and gratitude they owed to the French and their hatred to the English, and by his eloquence secured the co-operation of all the neighboring tribes—the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamies, Sac and Foxes, Wyandots, Mississaugas, Shawnees, Menomonees and the Six Nations joining actively in the campaign. All the British posts, from Niagara to Green Bay and the Potomac, were

comprehended in the proposed attack, and so well arranged and executed were their plans, that nine out of eleven of the forts were captured.

The fort at Presque Isle was the point of communication between Pittsburgh and Niagara and Detroit. It was in itself one of the most tenable, and had a garrison of twenty-four men, and could most easily be relieved. On the 22d of June, after a two days' defense, the commander, out of his senses with fright, capitulated, giving up the sole chance of saving his men from the scalping-knife. The history of savage warfare nowhere presented a scene of more heartless and bloodthirsty vengeance than was exhibited on this occasion. The few who were taken prisoners were doomed to the various tortures devised by savage ingenuity, and all but two were murdered—one a soldier, who escaped to Niagara, the other a soldier's wife, who was taken prisoner, but was ultimately ransomed.

On the 12th day of August, 1764, Colonel Bradstreet and his army landed at Presque Isle, but after a short stay marched to Detroit. In 1795, by an Act of the Legislature, the town of Presque Isle, now Erie, was laid out, and a company of infantry sent to protect the commissioners, who were building a stockade on the site of the old fortification. In December, of the following year, General Anthony Wayne, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, having concluded a treaty with the Northwestern Indians, embarked at Detroit for the purpose of returning to his home, but soon after leaving port he was violently attacked by his old malady the gout, and, becoming very much prostrated, landed at Erie. When General Wayne was brought into the garrison, he expressed a wish to be placed in the northwest block-house, the attics of the block-houses being comfortably fitted up and occupied by the families connected with the garrison. Captain Bissel was in command, and the sufferer met with every possible kindness.

A fit death-bed and a fitting resting-place for a brave officer and patriot was the old military post of Presque Isle and its picturesque bay. He named the spot for his grave at the foot of the flagstaff, and here died and was buried the great soldier of Pennsylvania, the idol of the people and the man who, next to George Washington, was instrumental in giving the colonies their independence.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, the construction of ships and the organization of a military force was commenced at Erie, and a block-house built upon the Garrison Hill, on the site of the old fortification, which protected the entrance to the harbor, leaving Commodore Perry free from intrusion of the British fleet in the offing until his fleet of ten vessels was equipped and ready for action. Commodore Perry's flagship, the *Niagara*, now lies in "Misery Bay"—Presque Isle Harbor. The naval station was discontinued in 1825.

When the town of Erie was laid out in 1795, the tract of land, containing about 102 acres, now known as Garrison Hill, was set aside for military purposes, and in 1871 the State of Pennsylvania built upon it a marine hospital, which was never used, at a cost of \$100,000, in addition to \$10,000 donated by the citizens of Erie. This is the structure of which we give a picture. A large wing extends to the rear, arranged for chapel, offices, etc. The grounds overlook the bay, and are finely located for a soldiers' home; and the flat under the brow of the Hill might, in the future, be useful to the Government for a navy yard or military station. The property is very valuable, having a water frontage on the bay, being within the city limits, and having direct railroad communication.

In 1878 the State made an appropriation to erect a monument to General Anthony Wayne, which has just been completed. It is a duplicate of the old blockhouse, and incloses the grave of General Wayne. A battery of four Parrott guns, presented by the State, gives to Garrison Hill its old-time military character, and assures its perpetuity as one of the old landmarks of American civilization and American liberty.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BEACONSFIELD.

ON Monday, January 12th, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Earl of Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor, remaining over night. The entrance of the manor is situated on the north side of the mansion overlooking a beautifully wooded park, known as the "German Forest," the complete solitude of which is broken only by the screech of the royal peacock. The library is situated on the south side of the mansion, the windows looking on to a very handsome terrace, tastefully ornamented with statuary, which is the favorite walk of Lord Beaconsfield when at Hughenden. Following the example of the Queen, the Prince signified his visit by planting a tree on the grounds. Respecting the engraving of the drawing-room, it is only needful to call attention to the magnificence of the furniture and decorations, and to note that the portrait on the mantelpiece is that of the late Lady Beaconsfield, while that of the Queen, which hangs on the right, is the one presented by Her Majesty to Lord Beaconsfield on his seventieth birthday. As the party of the Premier has been signally defeated in the late elections, and as the distinguished statesman must now give way to another, this engraving of the Prince's visit possesses more than ordinary interest, and may well be considered a truly historical picture.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

HER Imperial Majesty Marie Alexandrovna, wife of his Imperial Majesty Alexander II., was born August 8th, 1824. Her maiden name was Maximiliana Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Marie, daughter of Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, whose father was heir to the Grand Duchy of Baden. Her marriage to the then Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and thence to the late Emperor Nicholas I., took place April 28th, 1841. They have six children, one of whom, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, born October 17th, 1853, married his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, in the early part of 1874.

Her Majesty has been ill for a long time, and during the past summer she resided at Cannes, France, in the hope of regaining her health. As the symptoms of approaching dissolution increased, she was removed to St. Petersburg in time to participate in the festivities of the late celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession. Although, in the Winter Palace at the time of the explosion, she heard nothing of it. The strictest orders were given that she should not be informed of the diabolical act. Thinking, however, that she might have heard the noise, the grandchildren and a number of young folks in the palace were profusely sprinkled with perfumed waters, and taken to her chamber. She at once inquired the object of the visit, and remarked the agreeable perfume, never surmising that it had been used to overcome the smell of gunpowder and dynamite that pervaded every apartment and every article of clothing.

As Her Majesty's life is rapidly drawing to a close, we present an engraving of her, taken from a photograph that her family regarded as the best extant.

THE KINGS OF SIAM.

THE first King of Siam, who, during the coming summer, will visit Europe and the United States, was born on the 21st of September, 1853, and succeeded to the throne October 1st, 1868. His name is Choulalornkorn, though in the books of his palace it is written Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramend Mahah Choulalornkorn. He is a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost coal-black eye. He is said to possess high intelligence, and to be fully equal to the responsibilities of his kingly station. He commands the army, the navy, the treasury, and can dispose as he pleases of the lives and property of his subjects. He administers the government by the advice of a Council of Ministers, at the head of whom is the Regent. He has a sort of rival in the person of the second king, who is entitled to royal honors and lives in a palace, with troops, a court, a harem and a foreign minister, but the real power is lodged with Choulalornkorn. There is also a third king in Siam, who is ordinarily called by the title of British Consul-general, and who, though neither a celestial prince nor even of ordinary tissue, is generally more highly considered than either of the other kings. The name of the second king, who is thirty-nine years of age, is Chasaphya-phra-chroma-un-ra.

When General Grant visited Siam, he invited the first king to visit the United States, and, urged also by the Regent, he will make his contemplated tour with a view of acquainting himself with the customs of Europe and America preparatory to their introduction into his kingdom. He will leave home on April 23d on a Siamese man-of-war for Singapore, thence by steamer to Marseilles, thence to Berlin, where he will arrive about June 5th, and be received by the German Emperor. From Berlin he will go to Brussels and London. On July 1st he will embark at Southampton on an American man-of-war for America. He will be accompanied by a splendid retinue, among whom will be several royal princes, the Minister of War and Foreign Affairs, and a dozen prominent noblemen. He will remain three weeks in America, going South as far as Richmond and West as far as Chicago. He will visit Lisbon late in August, staying at Rome in October, and returning to Siam in December.

Our Export Cattle Trade.

THERE has been a remarkable growth in the American export of cattle and fresh beef to Great Britain. From a venture by dealers in this city and Boston, it has grown in a few years to be a prominent and profitable feature of our export trade. In 1875 the exports of American fresh beef aggregated 4,000,000 pounds; in 1879 the shipments amounted to 54,000,000 pounds—an increase of 50,000,000 pounds in four years. For the first three months of the present year the shipments have been heavy, and indicate an increased business during the coming summer. Only the best American cattle are shipped. These can be landed at the docks of Liverpool at a cost of \$40 per head, and are worth on their arrival an average of \$150. The dressed beef can be shipped at a cost of two cents per pound. It is claimed by shippers here that, under anything like favorable circumstances, American beef can be put upon the English markets two cents a pound below what the English producer can possibly afford to sell at.

Parnell on the Home Rule Policy.

A LETTER from Mr. Parnell on the result of the English elections outlines the policy of that section of the Home Rulers to which he belongs. He says: "Our party will scarcely cross to the Ministerial side of the House of Commons, even though that side shall be occupied by Liberals instead of Conservatives. Our presence in the Opposition will be understood as a constant reminder of the slender nature of the tenure by which the Ministers hold their power. We expect that a good land Bill will be introduced and passed immediately. We also anticipate the early passage of a local government measure, as well as a household franchise Bill. The latter would enable us to carry every Irish seat in Parliament, with very few insignificant exceptions. Should the Liberals refuse to accede to our just demands, they can be very promptly reduced to order by a determined stand on the part of our members. The present Irish Party is an immense advance in every respect upon the previous representations, and sufficient men have been returned—a class that know what they want and are determined to have it—to render it practically impossible that the most powerful Ministry can withstand them."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Thomson, Keith Johnson's successor in command of the East African Exploring Expedition, left Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, on January 16th, and expects to reach the coast at Kilwa in June.

Bishop Nassala, after a residence of thirty years in Southern Abyssinia, during which time he collected a great deal of information on the Galla countries, has been expelled by John Kass, the present emperor.

M. Biedel, who is known for his researches in Celebes Island, in the Malay Archipelago, and by his works on the Dutch East Indies, has made a journey to the centre of the Island of Timor, a feat never accomplished before by any European.

O. E. Meyer has recently shown, by careful measurement of the intensity for different groups of rays of the spectrum, that ordinary daylight contains relatively a greater proportion of red and yellow rays, and a less proportion of blue and violet rays than the direct light of the sun.

The Algerian paper *Akhbar* announces the formation of an Algerian Company for cultivation of the Sahara. The means proposed are the systematic boring of artesian wells in carefully selected spots. The company is to be connected somehow with the future Transalgerian Railway Company.

Mr. Ruskin's museum at Sheffield has become so crowded with treasures, and the number of students has so increased, that a public subscription has been started to defray the cost of a new wing to the building. Mr. Ruskin has written a letter of thanks to the workmen who opened the subscription list.

The Municipal Authorities of Gossensass, on the Brenner Railway, have re-christened the Hünerspiel peak, famous for the magnificent view which is obtained from its summit, and which lies within their district. The peak will henceforth be called Amthorpeak, in honor of Dr. E. Amthor, of Gera, an eminent "Alpine" writer.

A Manuscript Psalter has just been discovered at Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which archaeological experts assign to the second half of the eighth century. It presents all the characteristics of the later Merovingian and early Carolingian period, and is presumed to have been originally the property of some monastery on the left bank of the Rhine.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from M. W. Harrington, of Ann Arbor, an announcement of the discovery, by J. M. Schaboleon, of Ann Arbor, on April 6th, 1880, at 12 o'clock P. M., Ann Arbor mean time, of a comet with a tail three minutes long in 7h. 20m. right ascension, and 84° 25' north declination, with a daily motion of 30' in right ascension and 48' south.

In regard to the tunnel connection between France and England, it appears that the boring operation undertaken at Sangatte, on the French side, is not the beginning of the shaft from which the tunnel is to be bored, but is simply an experimental bore-hole, some 500 or 600 yards above the village, and about 100 yards from the shore. It was found necessary, however, to suspend the work because of the too rapid infiltration of water, rendering essential the construction of a new pump of double the capacity of the first one—that is, one which can raise about 700 gallons a minute. The shaft for the tunnel, when it is begun, is to be sunk in the village itself, and to such a depth as the experiments now making shall show to be requisite. The experimental shaft is to be sunk to a depth of some 260 feet, the diameter of the bore being eleven feet.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie has arrived at Cape Town. She is in good health.

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE has been chosen President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

M. JULES SIMON, Republican Life Senator, has been elected a member of the new French Supreme Council of Education.

WAGNER is expected to attend the Palestine celebration at Rome next month, as also, probably, the first performance of his "Lohengrin."

THE widow of the late General J. E. B. Stuart, of Confederate cavalry fame, has been elected Principal of the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton.

THE Japanese Government has contributed \$900 for a monument to Matthew Scott, an American citizen, who died in the Japanese service some months ago.

THE Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, will go to England shortly as a member of the Canadian team of cricketers, who are to play in England this summer.

MR. S. RUSSELL FORBES, of Rome, a well-known archaeologist and the author of several books on Rome and its antiquities, is to visit America next season.

QUEEN VICTORIA took with her from Windsor three large boxes containing wreaths and flowers from the Frogmore Gardens, which are to be placed on the grave of the Princess Alice.

IN a speech at Cairo, Illinois, last week, General Grant said his tour through the South had satisfied him that the people are sincere in their professions of loyalty to the national flag.

DR. EDWARD V. H. KENNELLY, member of the last House of Commons, and the well-known counsel for "the claimant" in the celebrated Tichborne case, is dead at the age of sixty-one years.

SAILMAKER RICHARDS VAN VOORHIS, United States Navy, aged ninety-eight, died in Washington, D. C., April 12th, having been in the continuous service of the Government for seventy years.

KARL THEODOR, Duke of Bavaria, has just received the title of M. D. from the Bavarian State authorities. The Duke passed a strict medical examination, and is now fully licensed to practice as a physician.

NORDENSKJÖLD has written to a friend announcing his intention to return to Paris about the end of next summer, in order to obtain the co-operation of the French Government in organizing a new polar expedition.

LORD ROSEBERRY, in addition to paying Mr. Gladstone's expenses, whatever they may be, for Midlothian, contributed \$25,000 towards the election for Southwark of Mr. Cohen, a very able Hebrew barrister, who is a relative of Lady Rosebery.

THE steamer *Vega*, with Professor Nordenfjöld on board, arrived at Copenhagen April 16th. The Swedish Arctic explorer and his companions met with a very enthusiastic reception. Twenty thousand persons had assembled to witness the arrival of the *Vega*.

BARON VON RADOWITZ, the successor of Prince Hohenlohe as German Ambassador at Paris, has had an audience with the Emperor William. Baron von Radowitz left for Paris on the 15th, to enjoy the advantage of two or three days' personal initiation into the duties of his post before Prince Hohenlohe leaves.

GENERAL ALONZO ANDERSON, who was Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad during the war, who built the present bridge over the Cumberland River, and was recently General Manager of the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad, has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

DELEGATE DOWNEY, of Wyoming, has introduced a Bill in the House providing for an appropriation of \$500,000 to commemorate in suitable paintings, by the great living artists of this country, upon the walls of the National Capitol, the birth, life and death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as told in the four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

A. C. SOLOMON and Simon Wolf, representing the organization of the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations," have presented to the Secretary of State an earnest remonstrance against the Czar's alleged recent cruel discrimination to the injury of the Russian Jews, and asking that the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. Petersburg be directed to inquire into the matter.

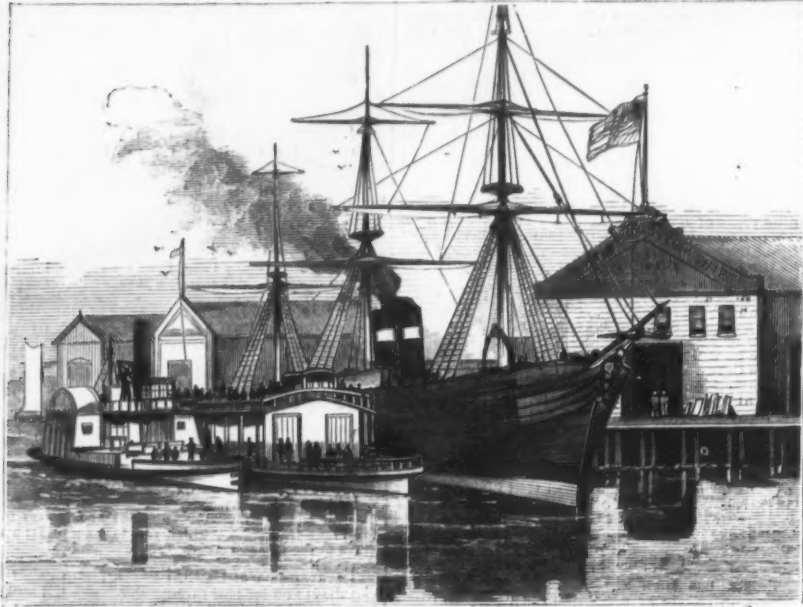
EARLY in March, when the four per cent. loan transfer books were closed in order to disburse the April registered interest, William H. Vanderbilt had registered in his name four per cent. bonds to the amount of \$31,000,000. Since that time there has been received from Mr. Vanderbilt for registration in his name four per cent. bonds to the amount of \$20,000,000, which makes him at this time the owner of \$51,000,000 of that class of bonds.

WILLIAM A. HOWARD, Governor of Dakota, who died in Washington, April 10th, had been in poor health for some time. He had served three terms in Congress. He was at the head of the Michigan delegation at Cincinnati in 1876, and it was his influence, it is said, that wheeled Michigan into line at the critical moment, and turned the scale in favor of Mr. Hayes. He leaves a wife, two sons and two married daughters. His remains will be taken to Detroit for interment.

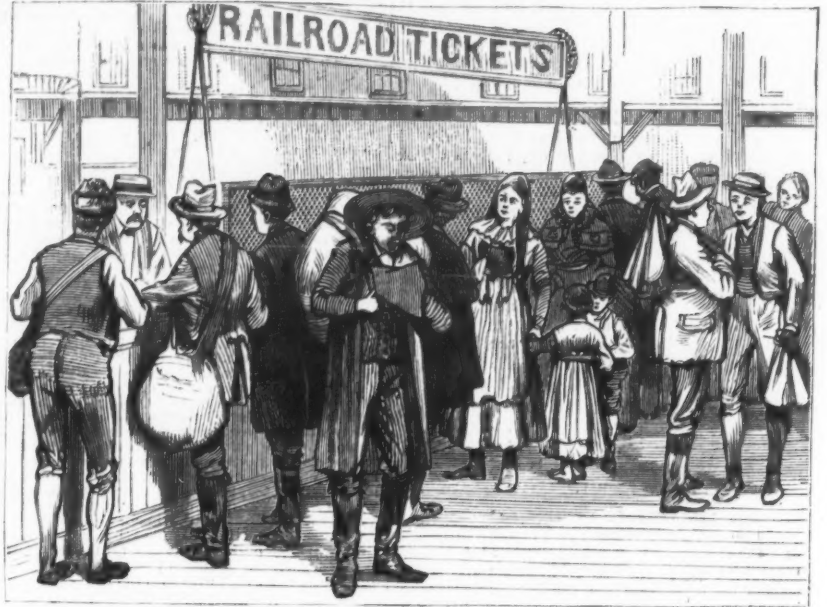
AMONG deaths of prominent persons last week were the following: Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, of this city, aged 68 years; Elliot C. Cowdin, of this city, aged 61 years; General James L. Mitchell, of this city, aged 63 years; Rt. Rev. A. D. Pellicor, Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, aged 56 years; Robert Fortune, the eminent Scotch botanist, aged 67 years; Wm. Sharpley, a well-known Scottish medical professor and author, aged 78 years, and Theodore Guélin, the French marine painter, aged 75 years.

THERE is a very general feeling of satisfaction among the members of the Bar at the appointment of Mr. John Watts Barr to be United States Judge of the District for Kentucky, made vacant by the sudden death of Judge Hays. Mr. Barr is a native of Fayette County, and is connected with many of the most noted families of the State. He is regarded as one of the most learned lawyers in Kentucky, and though a very quiet and retiring man, is everywhere popular. He has been a Republican since the war, but was never a politician.

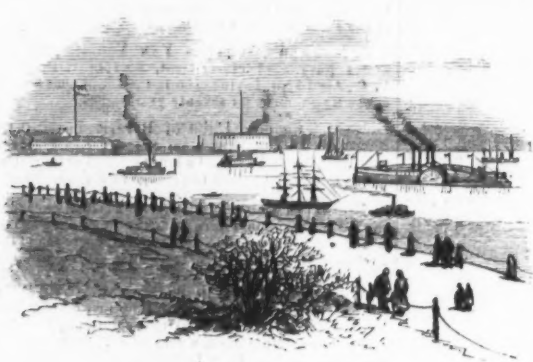
By the will and codicil of Mrs. Sarah W. B. Hale, of Newburyport, Mass., admitted to probate April 13th, \$5,000 is left to the American Home Missionary Society, \$3,000 to the American Bible Society, \$3,000 to the Illinois Female Educational Society, \$2,000 to the American Tract Society, \$2,000 to the American Seamen's Friend Society, \$5,000 to the American College and Educational Society, \$7,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Missions, in addition to previous bequests of \$5,000; \$3,000 to the Women's Board of Missions; the remainder of the Moses Brown trust fund, in three equal portions, two to Belleville Congregational Church and one to North Congregational Church, Newburyport.



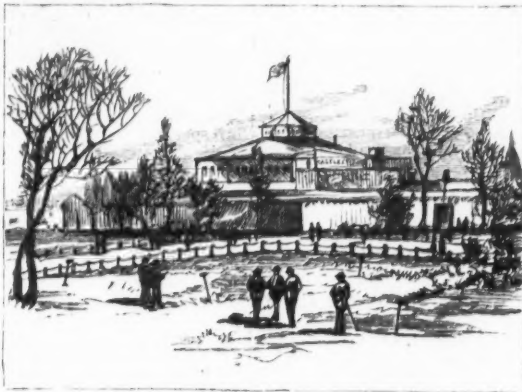
TRANSFERRING EMIGRANTS FROM AN INMAN STEAMER TO THE CASTLE GARDEN BARGE.



SCENE AT THE RAILROAD TICKET OFFICE IN THE GARDEN.



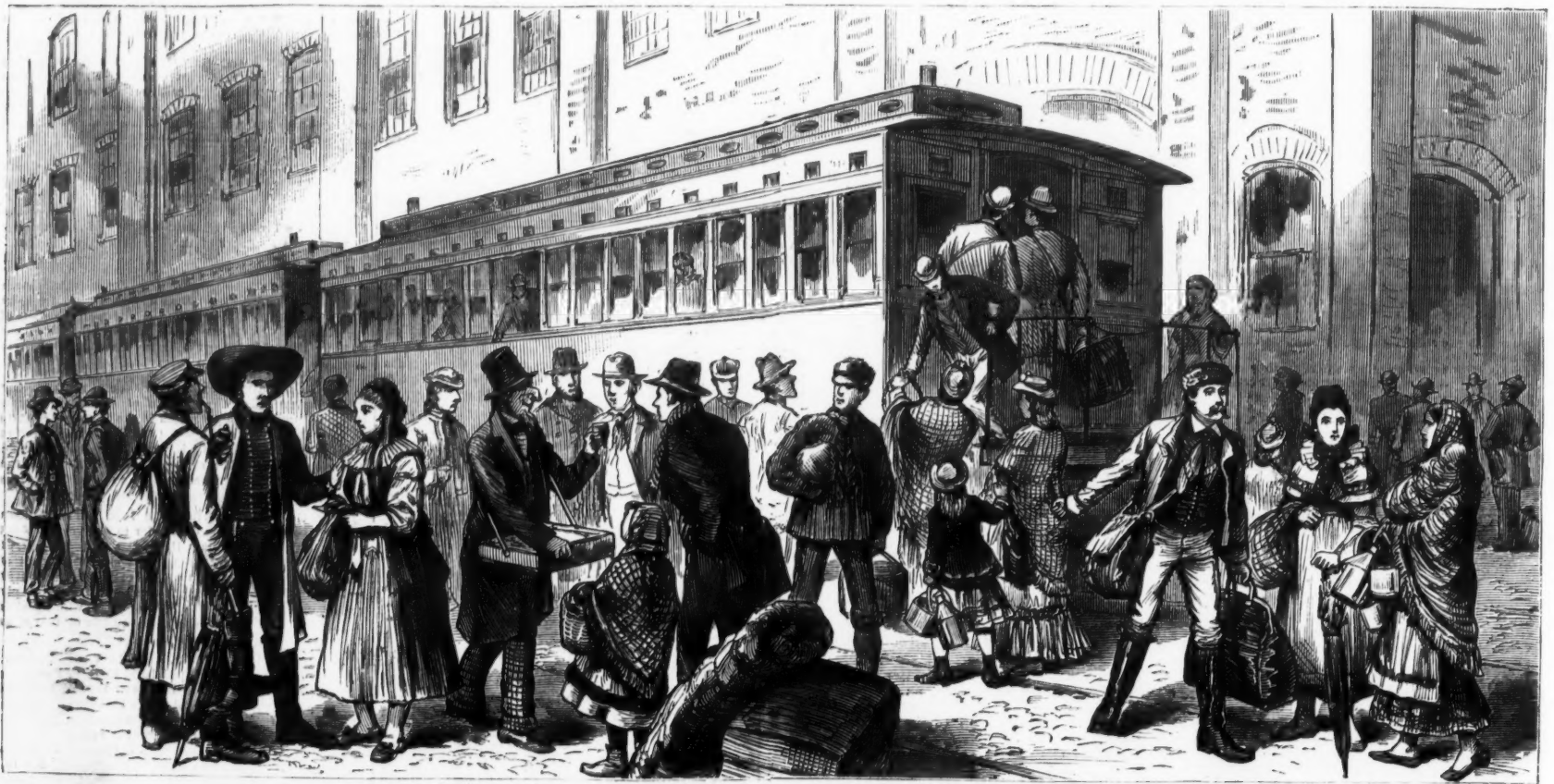
THE SEA-WALL OF THE BATTERY.



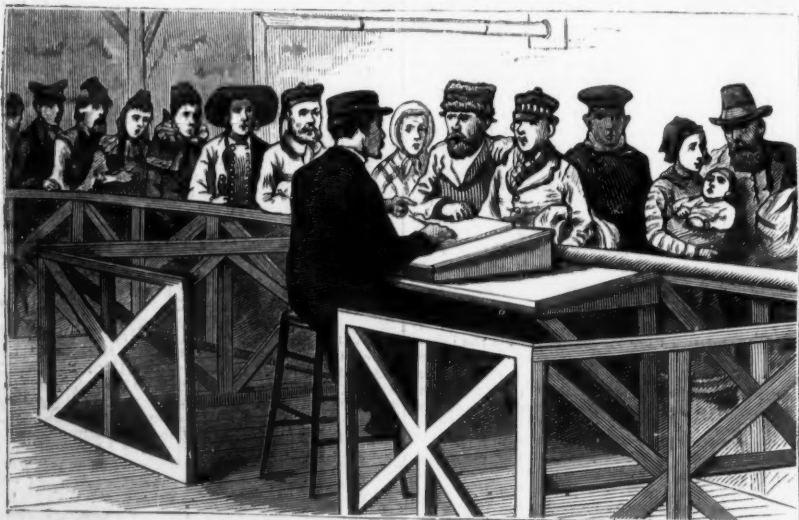
CASTLE GARDEN FROM THE PARK.



AN EMIGRANT HOTEL ON GREENWICH STREET.



EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK FOR THEIR NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.

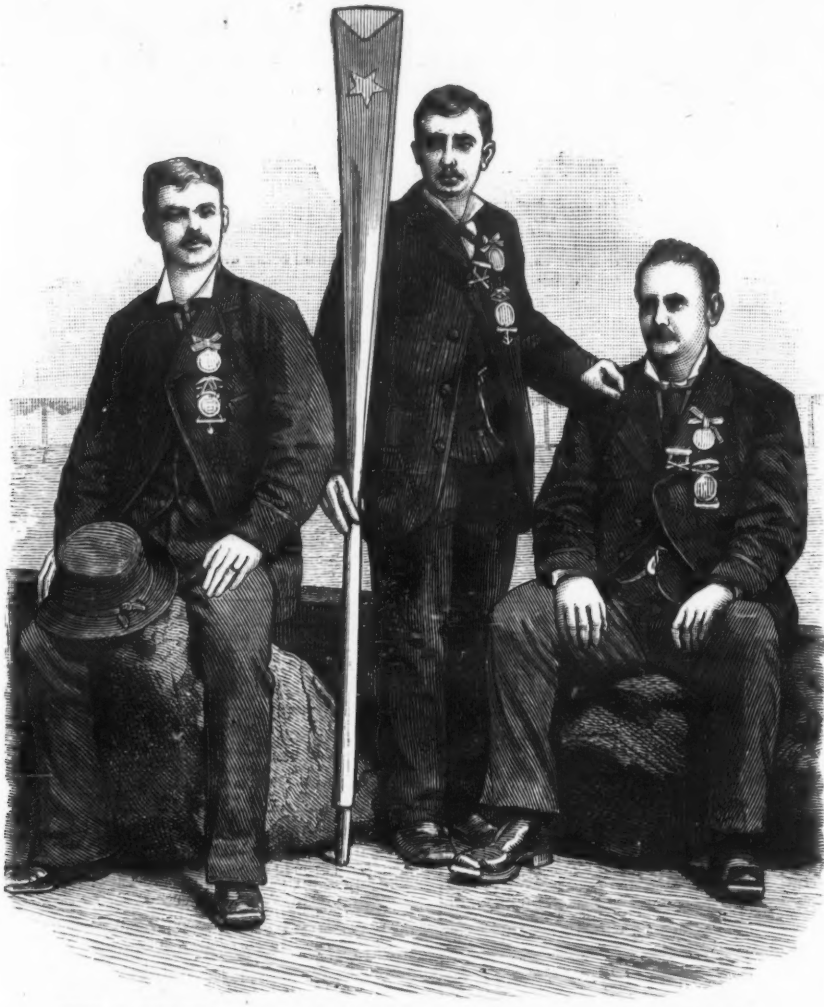


EXAMINING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.



REGISTERING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

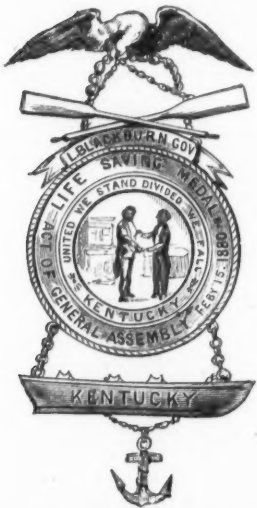
THE PRESENT EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE TO THE UNITED STATES.—FROM SKETCHES BY CLARENCE O'DOWD.—SEE PAGE 139.



JOHN F. GILLOOLY, JOHN J. TULLY AND WILLIAM M. DEVAN, THE KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING HEROES.—FROM A PHOTO, BY KLAUBER.



CHOUALANKORN, FIRST KING OF SIAM.—SEE PAGE 139.



OBVERSE OF KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING MEDAL.

HONORS TO LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

ON Friday, April 2d, the Hall of the Kentucky House of Representatives at Frankfort was crowded with fair women and gallant men to witness one of the most interesting scenes ever enacted in the capital. In February last a joint resolution passed the Legislature providing for an appropriation of \$150, to be expended by Governor Blackburn in the purchase of three gold medals, to be suitably inscribed and presented to three Kentuckians for heroic daring in saving from drowning in the treacherous waters at the Falls of the Ohio more than fifty persons. The 2d of April was chosen as the day for the presentation ceremony. At 1:30 Governor Blackburn and Lieutenant-Governor Cantrill entered the hall arm-in-arm, followed by the Senators. The House rose to receive them, and the chief officers of the State occupied the



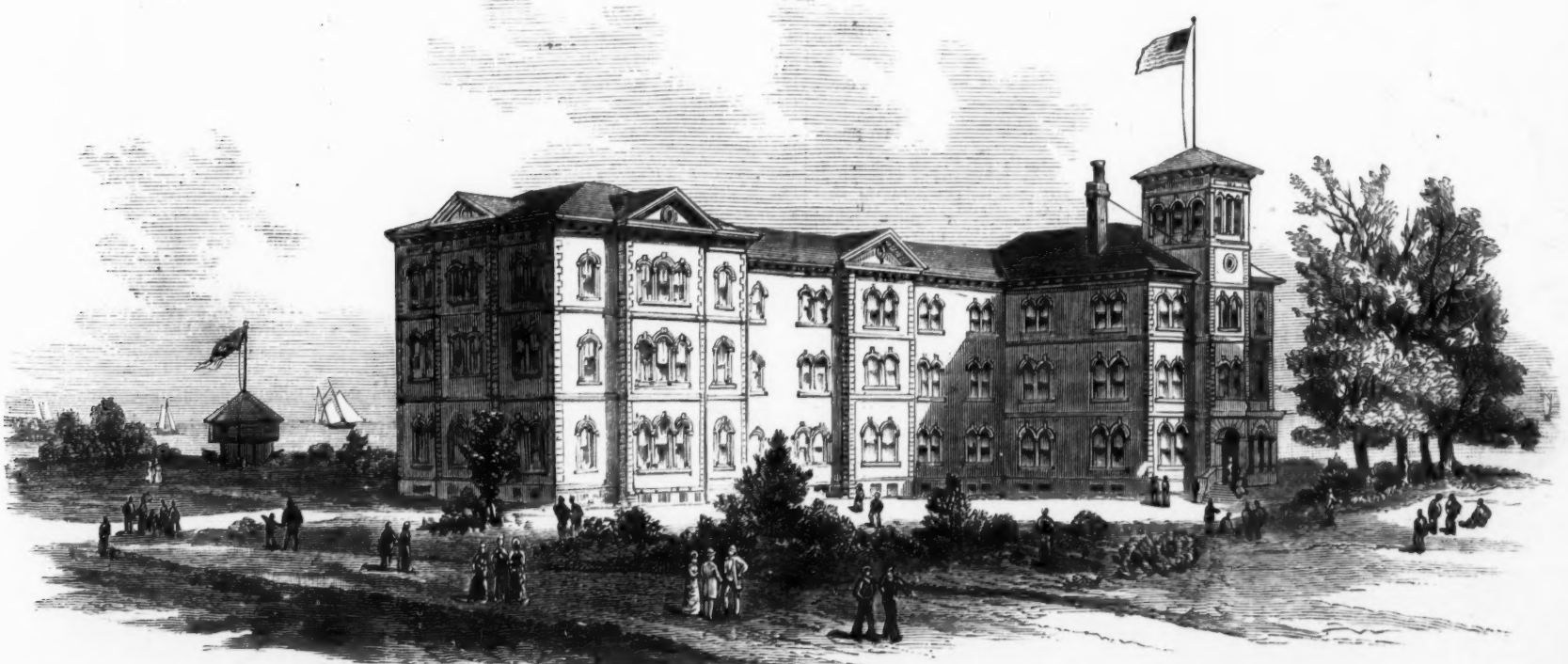
THE SECOND KING OF SIAM, AND REGENT. SEE PAGE 139.

Speaker's stand. Then came Mr. W. B. Fleming and General Baker, of Louisville, with the heroes of the Falls—Devan, Tully and Gilooly—in the rear. Mr. Fleming presented the men to the Governor in an impressive speech, and His Excellency addressed them briefly upon the object and honor of the ceremony. The response to the Governor in acceptance of the medals was made by General Alpheus Baker, of Louisville, in most eloquent language, and at its close Governor Blackburn stepped down to the floor and pinned the medals upon the heroes.

The medals are worthy to have been given by the State. They were designed and engraved by John P. Watson, of George Wolfe's establishment, and reflect great credit on his skill. They are all alike. The medallion proper is surmounted by a pair of ears, over which an eagle is perched with wings extended. On one side is the emblem of Kentucky and the words: "L. P. Black

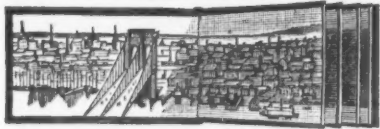


REVERSE OF KENTUCKY LIFE-SAVING MEDAL.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE WAYNE MEMORIAL BLOCK-HOUSE AND MARINE HOSPITAL, AT ERIE.—SEE PAGE 139.

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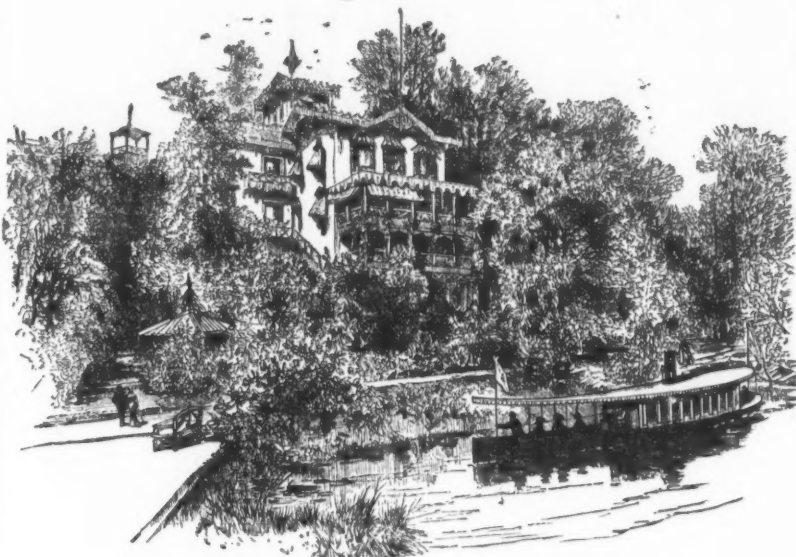
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PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, CHANCELLOR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

ALEXANDER MICHAELOWITSCH, more familiarly known in the world of diplomacy as Prince Gortschakoff, now lying in *extremis*, is a cousin of the famous defender of Sebastopol. He was born in 1798, and received his education at the celebrated Lyceum of Tsarsko-Selo. His public career was opened at an early age by his appointment as *attaché* to M. Nesselrode, subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the Congress of Laybach and Verona. He became secretary to the Russian Ambassador at London in 1824, where, besides applying himself closely to his official duties, he entered upon the study of foreign languages. Six years later he was *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Tuscany, and was attached for the first time, in 1832, to the Legation at Vienna, where the death of his superior, the Russian Ambassador, gave him great influence. In 1841 he was sent on a

mission to Stuttgart, where he negotiated the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia with the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, and received therefor the title of Privy Councillor. During the events of 1848 and 1849, Prince Gortschakoff maintained a dignified neutrality, but it is rumored that in 1850 he exercised some influence in procuring the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand I. in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph. The Prince was Ambassador at Vienna during the dispute respecting the Eastern question, and it was at his instance that the Russian Government accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Conference of Paris in 1856. From this post he was recalled to St. Petersburg, in 1857, to replace Nesselrode as Minister for Foreign Affairs. A proclamation of his, very hostile to the Western Powers, during the Sicilian and Neapolitan revolution, excited much attention, and his policy during the Polish insurrection of 1863 has been much commented upon. In 1862 he declined to

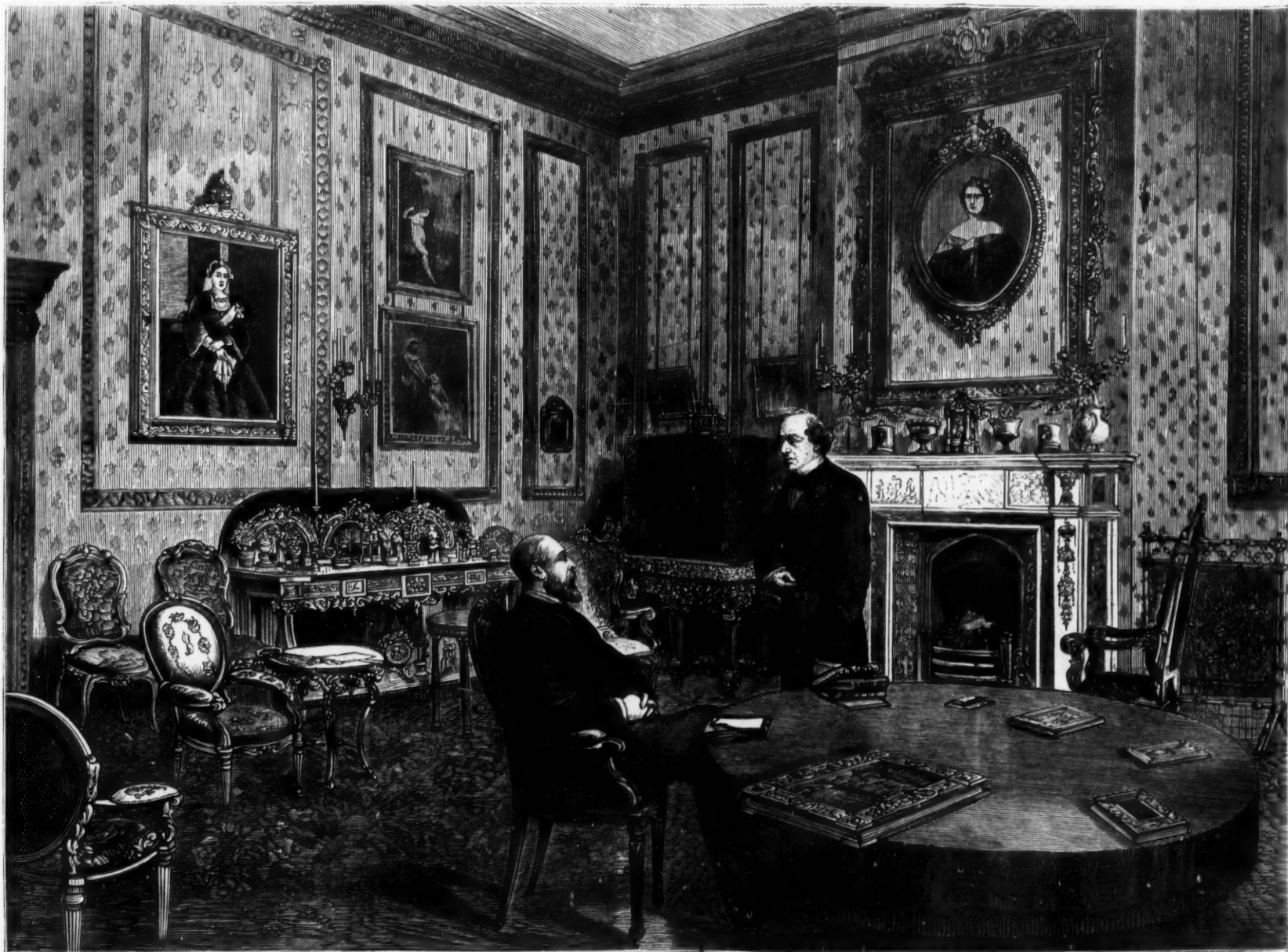
have anything to do with intervention proposed by France and England in our civil war. The Czar, whose cordial favor he has always enjoyed, made him, in 1862, Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, bestowed upon him the insignia, in diamonds, of the Order of St. Andrew, and other exalted honors. Prince Gortschakoff's knowledge of men and experience in politics are immense, and his measures have met with rare success. The Prince has cool intellect, vast experience, resolute will, singular dexterity and dissimulation, perfect unscrupulousness, and then, not a Parliament of Froemen, but an acquiescent nominal master, and the whole blind force of obedient Russia, at his back. One of his latest triumphs was that of October, 1870, when the Treaty of Paris was in large measure annulled in favor of Russia, and the results of the Crimean War were tamely abandoned at the desire of the old encroaching power.

Prince Gortschakoff is one of the most agreeable

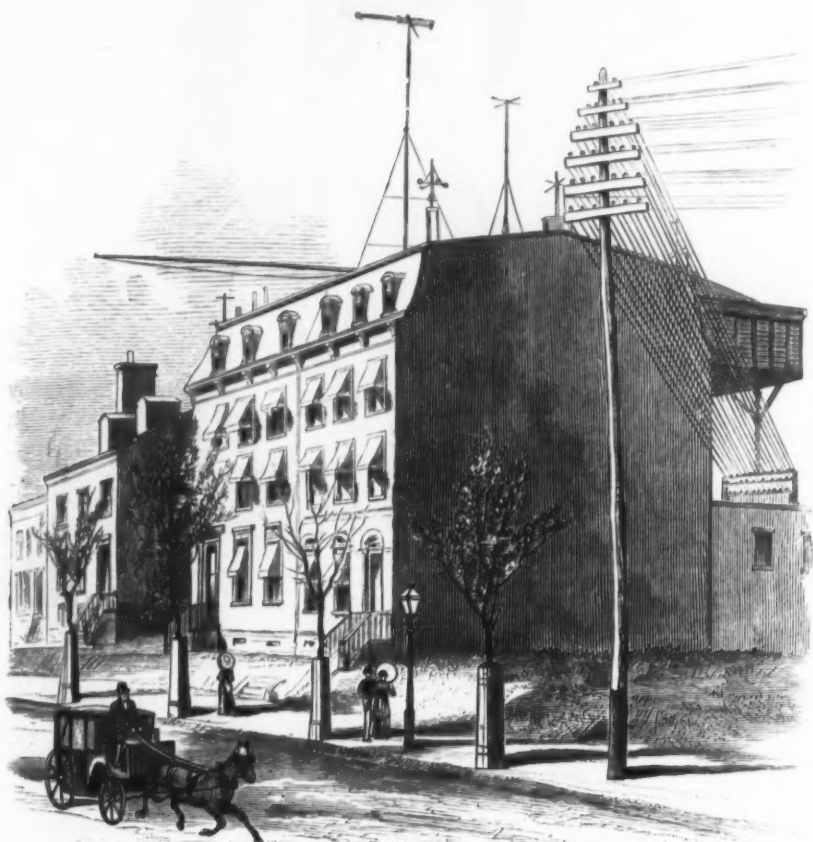
men in Russia. Those who like him least acknowledge that, but few who have been brought much into contact with him have failed to like him as a man; and those who appreciate him best are the men who have served constantly under his orders. He has none of the bluff petulance of Bismarck, nor of the smirking readiness of retort which enables Count Andrassy to manage the Austro-Hungarian Parliaments. He talks slowly, writes grandiloquently, and gives high-minded reasons for everything he advises or does. Persons who might have expected him to explain some tortuous piece of policy on cynical grounds are staggered by his semblance of perfect good faith and by the reassuring promises which he makes in a tone of stately gentleness, to which his venerable appearance gives the stamp of wisdom and truth. His strength is patience; his talent lies in seizing opportunities the moment they arrive; and these opportunities come through the simplicity of foreigners who trust him.



MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.—SEE PAGE 139.



THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LORD BEACONSFIELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATTER, JUST BEFORE THE LATE DISSOLUTION.—SEE PAGE 139.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

THE U. S. METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE.

If ever building gave sign of the special uses to which it is devoted, that edifice is the house, or two houses rolled into one, in the City of Washington in which the secrets of the elements are reluc-

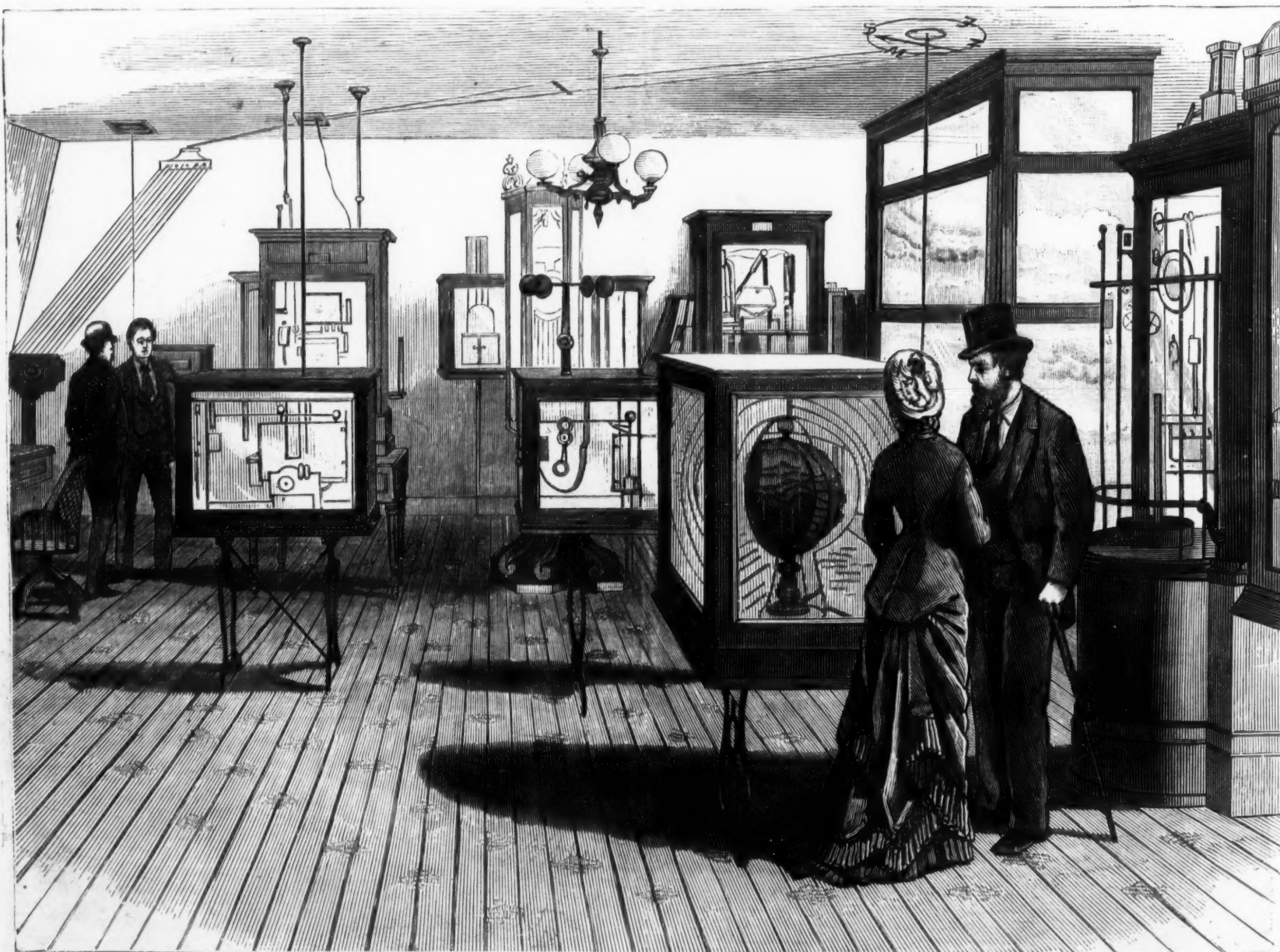
tantly forced from them by the subtle hand of science; their action forestalled; and much of their destructive efforts, by the precautions taken to anticipate them, paralyzed, foiled and baffled. A glance at the roof of the Meteorological Department strikes awe and bewilderment into the passer by. The sky is crossed and recrossed, as a schoolgirl's first love-letter, by electric wires—wires "giving

away" the north, south, east and west winds, as they crouch in far-distant corners of the world ere leaping upon the warpath. The roof actually bristles with meteorological insignia—cups and balls, and flags and mirrors, and weather-cocks, and poles with curiously-devised instruments, menacing the four points of the compass, and a very grove of electric wires. The roofs of the neighbor-

ing dwellings are compelled to pay tribute, till they resemble an elevated Holland, so rich are they in miniature windmills of every sort, shape, size and description, each set of cups racing till it makes one giddy to gaze at them. How courageously and unerringly those little cups do their duty, standing to their posts until blown away, as was the case last August during the cyclone, when eleven hundred

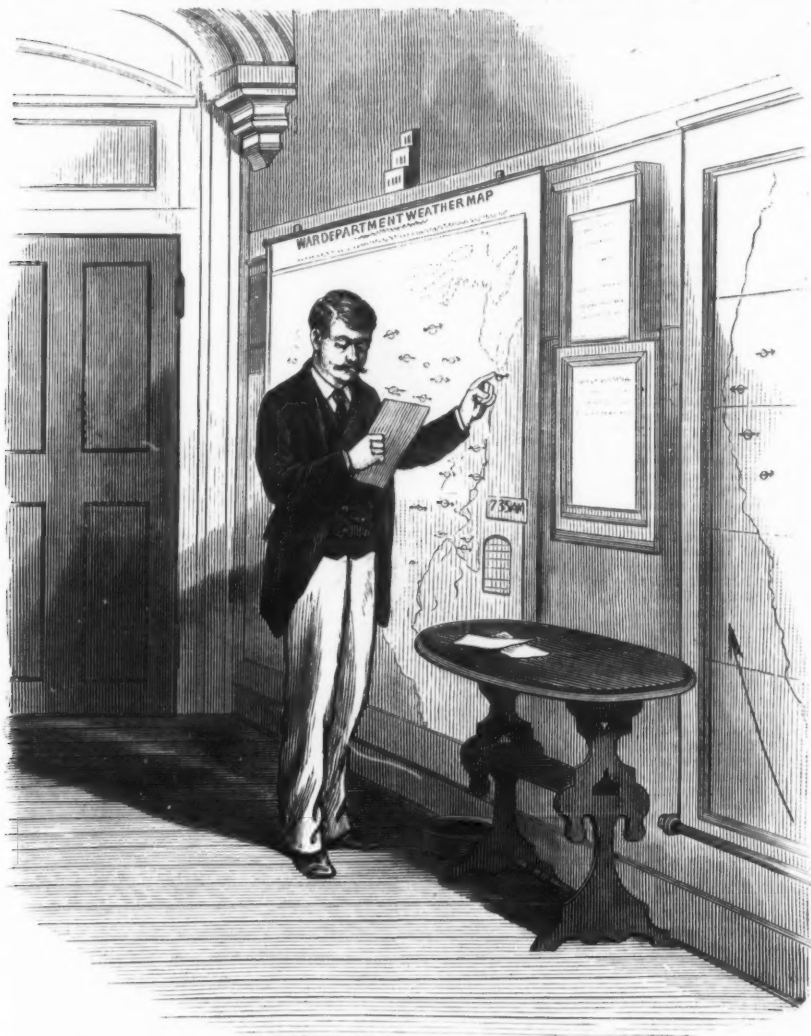


A READING OF THE BAROMETER.

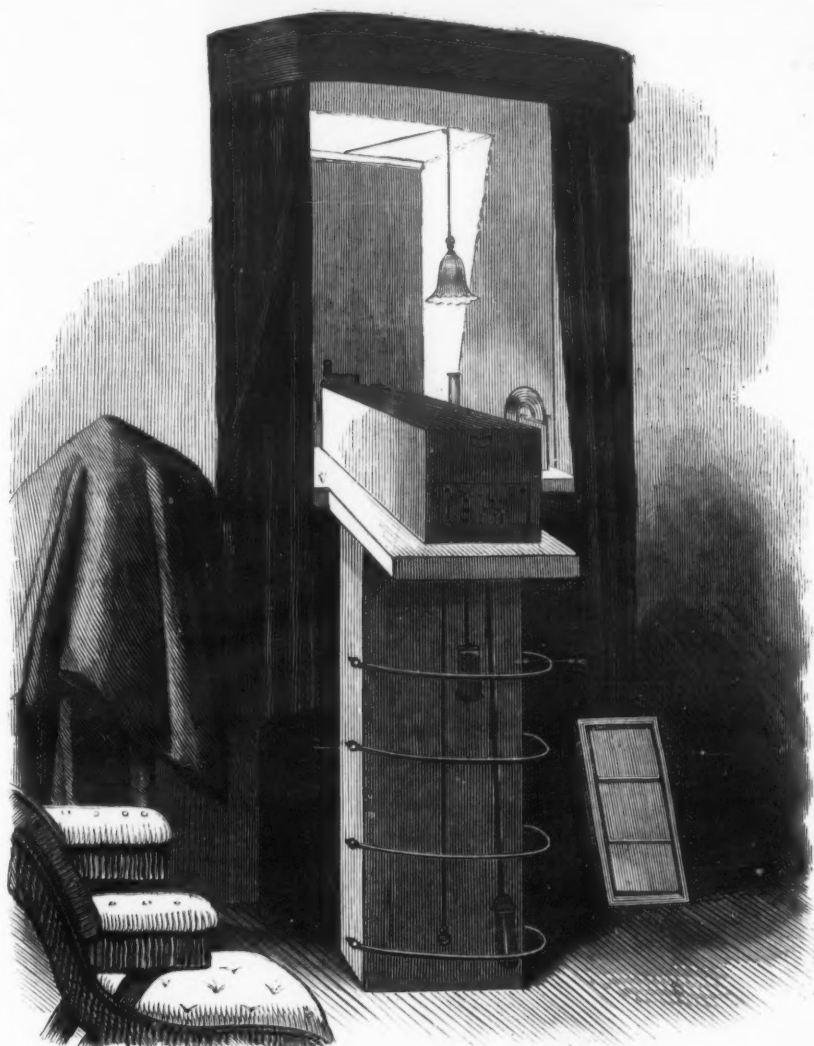


THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE METEOROLOGICAL WORK OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.



ARRANGING THE ARROWS ON MAPS.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE TEMPERATURE BY LAMP-LIGHT.

miles of wind was registered in one day! The Signal Service, as now organized, consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals and 260 privates. This force has the management of 300 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations; 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as

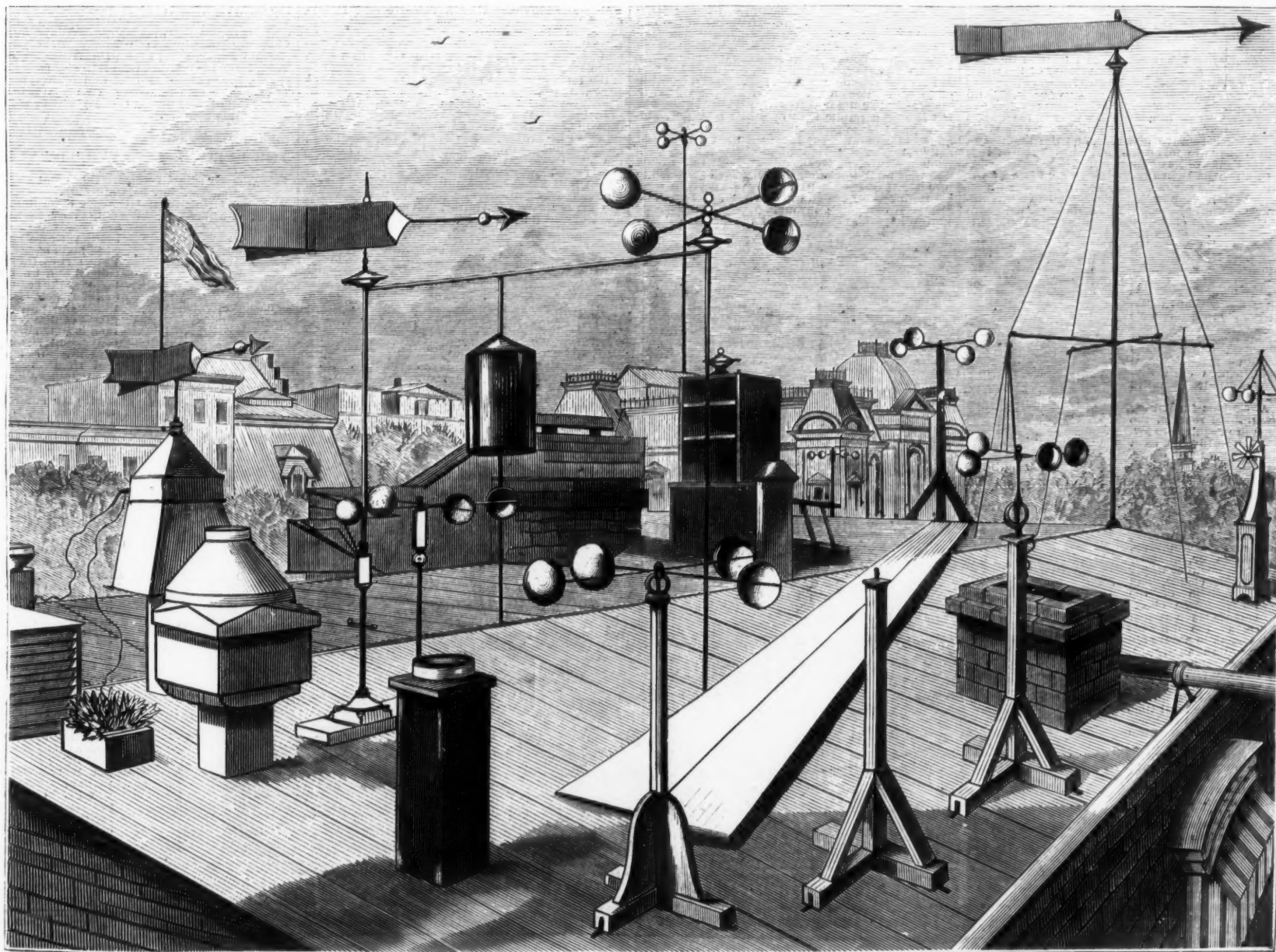
display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from four stations in the West Indies, and 19 in Canada.

Passing through a map-decorated hall, and ascending to the topmost story, I found myself in the instrument-room, a long apartment divided by an arch, and furnished with glass-cases and clocks, and

dials and needles, and barometers and thermometers, and a hundred other ometers.

The very atmosphere breathed of brain-softening calculations, while the grim silence was appalling. I was confronted by an anemograph, which registers the wind continually; by a rain-gauge worked by electricity, and so delicate in its operations that it recorded the 1-400th of an inch; by barometers

registering the pressure of the air, showing a change of pressure equal to 1-4000th of an inch of mercury; by a barometer registering its changes by electricity, and enabling a barometer in San Francisco to register in New York; by a thermometer also worked by electricity, giving a continuous registration, and showing all the fluctuations of the temperature of the air; by Father Secchi's meteoro-



ARRANGEMENT OF THE WIND-INSTRUMENTS ON THE ROOF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE METEOROLOGICAL WORK OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.



MARBLE STATUETTE OF THE "CROQUET-PLAYER,"
BY SIGNOR TURINI.

graph, and by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, which is gradually displacing all others on account of its simplicity and accuracy. Here I learned that the cup travels at one-third the velocity of the wind, and that 500 revolutions of a cup registers a mile of wind, that upper currents of air carry ashes sent up by volcanoes 15,000 miles, bearing them aloft for so long as six weeks at a time. In the room is a glass case, showing in model the different clouds (in wool), their relative altitudes, and the manner in which they are formed, also the formation of fogs on the banks of Newfoundland.

Quitting the Instrument-room, where one of the employees was earnestly engaged in hunting up an error of a thousandth part of a second in a calculation that would have afforded ecstasies of delight to Mr. Babbage, I entered the Photograph-room. This apartment, silent as the tomb, is used for photographing the action of the barometer, and, if I may so put it, taking likenesses of the weather. I will not attempt to describe the process, save that certain shadows upon oblong strips of prepared paper denote certain meteorological disturbances even several hundred miles away.

At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to forward tri-daily, on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain-gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times, 7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M., and 11 P. M., and the local time at the different stations. At the Meteorological Congress, held at Rome last year, arrangements were made for simultaneous observations all over the world at 6 P. M., Washington time. The chiefs of the Meteorological Departments on the globe send in reports of observations by mail twice a month. Two thousand reports come in daily. Two hundred reports are handled in thirty-five minutes. All navies, since November last, take a simultaneous observation on ship-board. These floating stations will help the breaks on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Three other observations are taken respectively at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., local time, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station. So perfect is the description, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington in the space of forty minutes.

Passing through Instrument-shelter, where an officer was busily noting the registration of a barometer, so sensitive that the warmth of his body affected it, the Report-room, the Study-room and the Fact-room, I again reached the hall, where I found an employee engaged in sticking tiny arrows into allotted places on an elaborate map, each arrow indicating the course of the wind in that particular section of the continent. Eight charts, exhibiting the data of the observation reports as to the barometric pressure, relative humidities, cloud conditions, dew-point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to, each official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach fully one-third of the population of the entire country.

"What a boon to those who go down to the sea in ships, and those who make pilgrimage by land," I exclaimed, as I quitted the department over which General Meyer presides with such pre-eminent ability, aided by Captain Howgate, his able and popular first lieutenant.

HON. BEN. LE FEVRE, OF OHIO.

HON. BENJAMIN LE FEVRE, the well-known and popular Member of Congress from the Fifth Ohio District, was born in Shelby County, in that State, in 1838, was educated at the Miami University, studied law, but became a farmer. In 1861 he entered the Union army as a private soldier and served until the close of the war. In 1865 he was elected to the Legislature from Shelby County, and during his two

years' term was his party's nominee for Secretary of State, and before its close, in 1867, was appointed United States Consul at Nuremberg, Germany. In 1878 he was elected to Congress, and took his seat at the extra session in March, 1879. He is a member of the Committee on Agriculture.

This brief summary gives the principal events in the life of a public man of genial qualities, fine ability and large personal acquaintance. One who knows him well says of him: "Always a firm and active Democrat, eloquent and earnest in his political speeches, and constant and reliable in his notes on public questions, he has also gathered to him a host of friends irrespective of party, always ready to serve him, and giving him, therefore, an influence extending throughout the country. Of fine personal appearance, in the prime of life,

easy of access and ready to help those who need his assistance, industrious and energetic, capable of any amount of physical or mental exertion, attending to his heavy correspondence and the many interests of his constituents with a promptitude and zeal excelled by no member, he is esteemed by his fellows and his fellow-citizens as a Congressman worthy of commendation and praise."

In Congress, Mr. Le Fevre has, as his chosen calling naturally inclined him, devoted himself largely to agricultural questions. Placed on the Committee on Agriculture, he has zealously co-operated with the Chairman and his fellow members in endeavoring to make the work of the committee not nominal but practical and efficient. He introduced a resolution for the investigation of the Agricultural Department, and pressed it with the view of enlarging the scope and increasing the usefulness and dignity of the same. He has rendered important services by advocating his Bill for preventing the spread of contagious diseases among domesticated animals—a subject upon which the farmers of the country are demanding that there shall be national legislation. But while thus interesting himself fully in agricultural subjects, he has not neglected other interests. He has introduced a Bill for the equalization of soldiers' bounties; and he labors to give full attention to all important questions before Congress, and, by his influence and vote, to shape and enact wise legislation.

THE BISHOP POTTER MEMORIAL.

THE testimonial to Bishop Potter, who, on November last, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his bishopric of this diocese, and whose many friends and admirers marked the occasion by the presentation of a memorial casket, was last week on exhibition at the establishment of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., by whom it was manufactured, and elicited many expressions of admiration. It is a casket of silver with enrichments of gold, steel and damascening, and contains a parchment scroll upon which is engraved the congratulatory address presented by Mr. Jay on the anniversary occasion. The proportions are those of the Ark of the Covenant, the measurements being divided by three. It is fifteen inches long, nine inches wide and nine inches high to the top of the pointed, sloping, Gothic lid, which is surmounted by a massive and richly-sculptured Celtic cross of solid gold. Underneath the cross is a crosier on one side and a group of lilies on the other, symbolical of the Bishop's office and purity. On the sloping front side is an open Bible resting on boughs of olive leaves, and above is the form of a dove spreading its wings over the pages. On either side of the Bible are tongues of fire. The surface of the casket is covered with branches of the vine twined in circular forms, which contain alternately the English rose and the thistle. Bunches of grapes, indicative of the growth and good work of the Church under the Bishop, hang in the interstices. At the centre of each of the four sides of the lower edge of the lid is a symbol of one of the four Evangelists—Matthew, the Man; Mark, the Lion; Luke, the Ox, and John, the Eagle—which are boldly carved from silver. On each of the main sides of the lid are trefoil medallions inlaid with

blackened steel, and bearing illustrations in gold damascening of the sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Communion and Consecration. The sides of the chest are adorned with medallions commemorative of the work of the Church in this country. The centre of the front bears a profile in bas-relief, of solid gold, of Bishop Potter, and on the right, in a sunken round panel, is an admirably delineated representation of the consecration by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace Chapel, of Bishops Provost and White, the first two bishops who came to America. The picture in the left front panel represents the interior of Christ Church,



HON. BENJAMIN LE FEVRE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM
THE FIFTH OHIO DISTRICT.

Philadelphia, and the adoption of the American Prayer-book in 1789. The centre of the reverse side of the chest bears the Bishop's seal in relief, and at the right of this, in a panel corresponding to that on the front, Old Trinity Church, the scene of the first consecration of a bishop in America, and on the left the interior of St. John's Chapel in Varick Street, with the Bishop addressing a congregation. The rose and the arbutus are brought into requisition in forming the characteristic Gothic border which extends along the top from end to end. At the base of the casket is a band of blackened steel damascened with letters of gold of ecclesiastical character, which extends completely around the base and forms the following inscription: "To the Right Reverend Horatio Potter, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of New York, from his diocese, with love and gratitude for twenty-five years of faithful and fruitful service." The casket is said by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. to be one of the richest and most costly pieces of work ever done in this country.

THE "CROQUET-PLAYER," BY TURINI.

THE study of art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men

are deeply divided and set at variance; but beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art. Dr. Johnson states that "the natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety." The "nicety" by which the great lexicographer summed up that delicacy of tone and perfection of finish can never be so absolutely realized save by the chisel of the sculptor. From Phidias to Canova the *ad unquam* has been the result of a subtly-linked sympathy with nature—a sympathy that manifests itself in the glorious works of art that would seem to woo the amorous yearnings of a Pygmalion to kiss them into life. Among the disciples "who sit at the feet of art" is Signor Turini of this city, whose statue of the "Croquet Player" we illustrate. The subject is essentially a graceful one, and the sculptor has treated it in all grace. The tendency of modern sculpture is realistic, and what more charming bit of realism than a pretty Nineteenth Century girl wielding her merciless croquet-mallet? The power, whether of sculptor, painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls "an ideal thing," depends upon its being to him not an ideal, but a real thing. "No man," quoth Ruskin, "ever did or ever will work well but either from actual sight, or sight of faith." Signor Turini has evidently worked from actual sight, and has given us the ideal croquet-player, *ad unquam*.



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